75¢
NOV. 15

VOGUE

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AT NIGHT... AND IN THE SUN

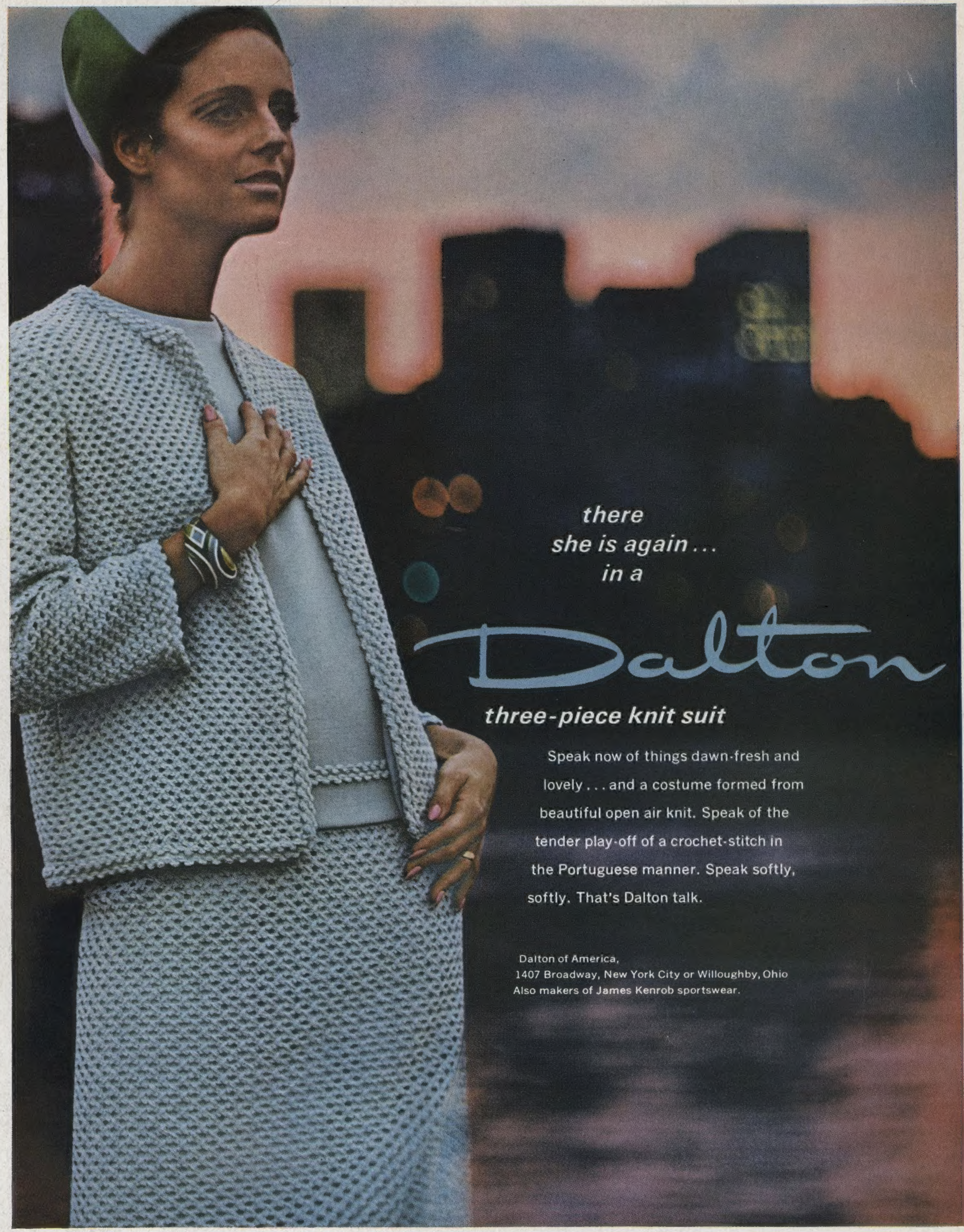
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NOVEMBER 15, 1966

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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COVER: Dashing good looks at night—a black satin cossack's blouse bound with gilt soutache at the neck, looped here with yards of coral beads held by a little platinum night-owl with diamond plumage and sapphire eyes. . . . Other places, other jewels: for the mouth, Diamond Head, pure frost over a shade called Hawaii—a brilliant Hibiscus coral when left on its own. Both lipsticks by Dorothy Gray. Blouse by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. Necklaces and owl pin from Tiffany. Coiffure by Alfredo of Via Veneto.

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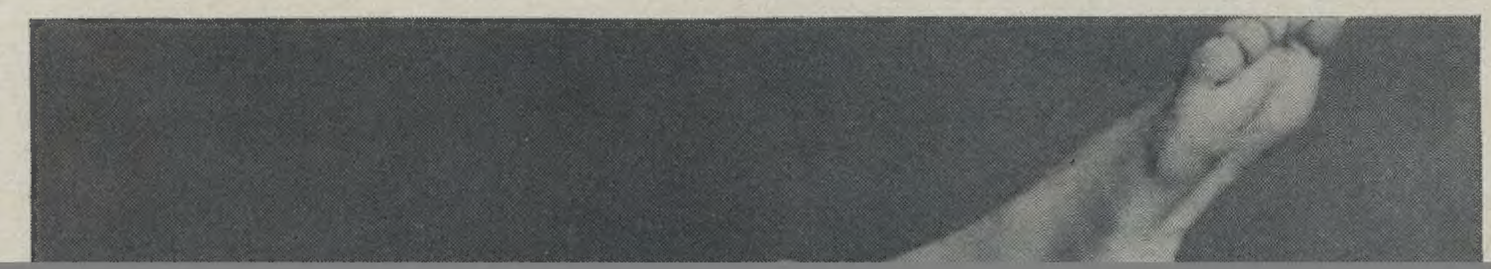
MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE



A Movado diamond watch for the time of her champagne life



This is Marisa Berenson.
She's a nineteen year old brunette Jet-Setter who has her blonde moments. The most sophisticated magazines play along with her moods cover after cover.



Haven't you noticed? Furs are starting to look different.



A fur suit? Just a little while back it would have seemed somewhat wild.

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Notice the slimness of it. And the pleated skirt.

The only way to get this effect is with a fur that is flat and supple.

Swakara karakul lamb from South West Africa.

When you move, the skirt swings, and you see a flash of seal against Swakara's rippled texture.

(Can you imagine what would happen if the fur were bulky?)

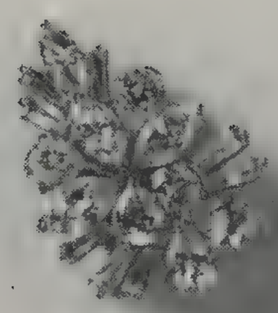
It all adds up to a different look.

And the fur makes a world of difference.

Ritter Brothers, New York;
Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles;
Rich's, Atlanta; Holt Renfrew, Canada.



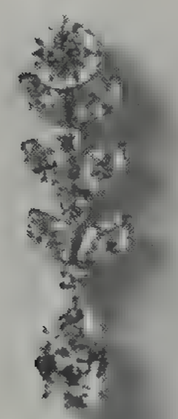
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night people





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The New York Woman

wears her tiger to her bank!

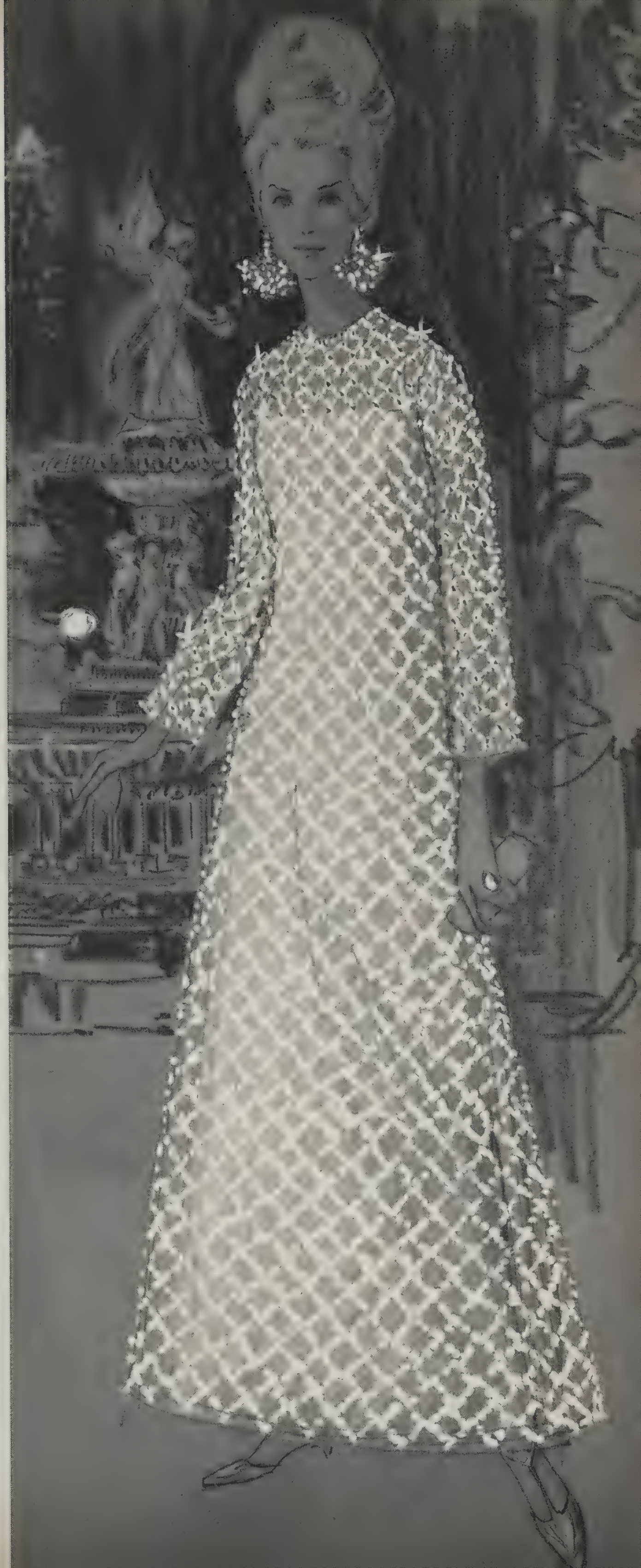
She goes in splendor in a handsome coat
of regal natural Royal Bengal tiger with the
contrast dash of lustrous black dyed mink.
This unique and luxurious coat is one from
an outstanding collection. Third floor fur
salon, Fifth Avenue store. 3,500.00
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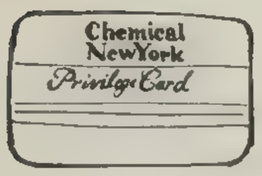




THE NEW YORK WOMAN

knows the importance of silver!

Gino Charles sets the standard of elegance with this cage-y bit of glitter. Silver-tone float of nylon, acetate and rayon with highlights of rhinestones at the neckline and sleeves. 4 to 14. Third floor misses dresses, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa. 110.00



Check Cashing
Privilege Card

The New York Woman—when her needs are check-cashable—her reaction is Chemical—Chemical New York. The Check Cashing Privilege Card lets her cash personal checks at any of the more than 135 Chemical New York offices—without red tape.

Chemical New York

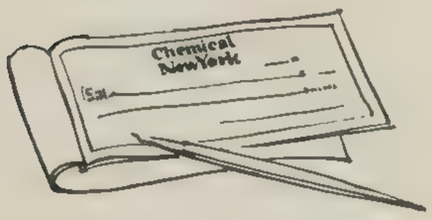
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The New York Woman

appreciates the artful Dacron® knit!

Kimberly's sleek and easy dress of Dacron® polyester is marvelous for the busy city-country-travel life. Lightweight, wonderfully shape-retaining. Jacquard pattern in cherry and white, toast and white, or white and navy; 6 to 16. Third floor knit shop, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa. 55.00



Check'n Save

The New York Woman—when her needs are frugal—her reaction is Chemical—Chemical New York. She names the amount—Chemical New York transfers it monthly from her checking to her savings account. Simple, automatic—she saves in spite of herself. That's Check'n Save.



The New York Woman

gets a lift out of snow fashions!

Ernst Engel's exciting innovation is the short streak-of-silver tow coat. Warm on the ascent and terrific after skiing. Silver-tone nylon sharkskin, nylon lined, with wool knit cuff sleeves and button-down full hood. S-m-l. Ski skipper pants have a modified bell bottom. Silver-tone wool, nylon and Lycra® spandex. 8 to 16. Third floor sportswear, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa. Coat, 50.00. Pants, 55.00

ON-THE-SPOT LOAN

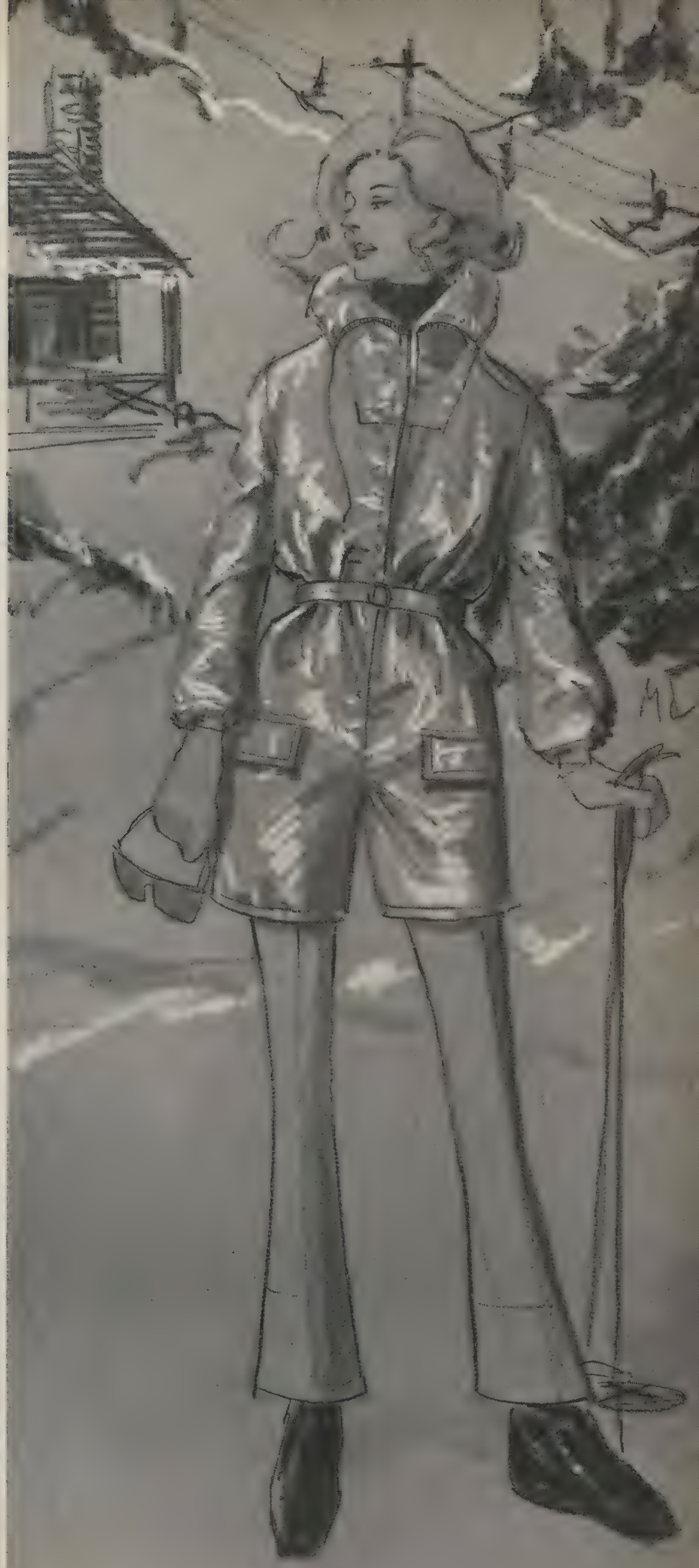
Vacation Loan—
"On-the-Spot"

The New York Woman—when her needs are recreational, her reaction is Chemical—Chemical New York. She stops in for an "On-the-Spot" Vacation Loan. Chemical New York puts the cash in her hands, and she's away—in just minutes.

Chemical New York

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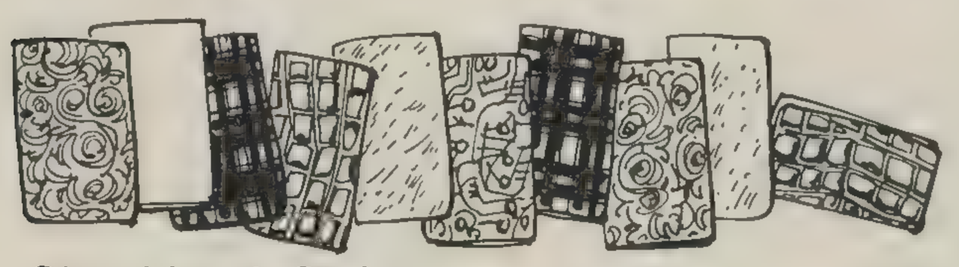


B Altman & Co

The New York Woman

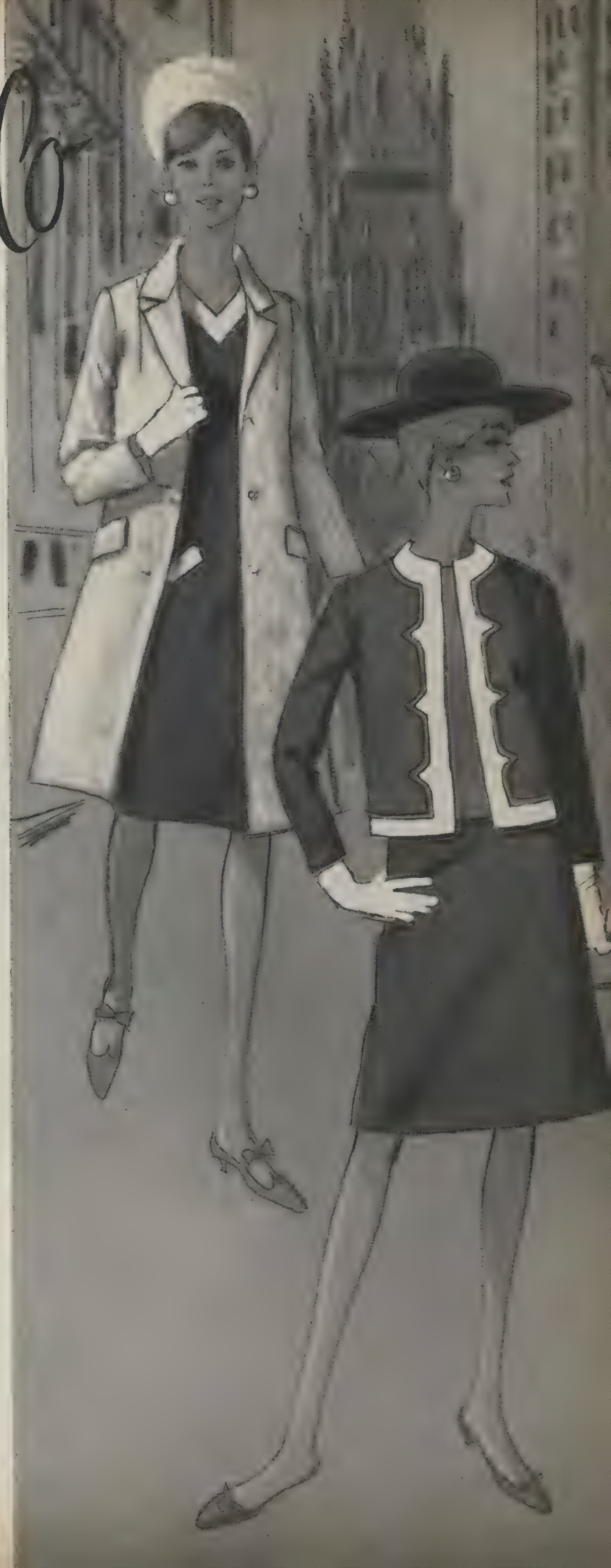
finds color a good investment!

Majestic's textured rayon separates are a capital idea. 8 to 18. The ensemble: lime coat, navy dress with lime trimming; or navy with rice and navy. Coat, 35.00. Dress, 15.00. Three-piece suit: navy trimmed lime jacket, lime skirt, navy shell; or rice trimmed navy jacket, navy skirt, rice shell. Jacket, 23.00. Skirt, 8.00. Shell, 8.00. Third floor separates, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa.



Checkbook Styles

The New York Woman—when her needs are financial—her reaction is Chemical—Chemical New York. A checkbook to match her mood—available in eight different colors and patterns, from Wedgwood and Florentine to alligator and green python.



The New York Woman

loves fine Italian shoes!

Ponte Vecchios win her full affection; supple, lightweight and with flirtatious heels. Big bow style in black calf; taupe, green or grey suede. 22.00. Tiny bow style in black, brown or burgundy kidskin with patent trimming. 21.00. Shoe salon, second floor, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa.

ON-THE-SPOT LOAN

Auto Loan—
"On-the-Spot"

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Chemical New York

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THE NEW SOFT-WHITE SEPARATES arrive: looking great, looking like a holiday. Below left, natty jacket, $25, and A-skirt in 24-karat wool flannel, $16. Diamond-pattern wool mini-sweater, $13. Below right, the More-sweater—a cardigan in a purry fur blend—$19, over a Ban-Lon turtleneck, $10. 24-karat wool flannel cone skirt, leather belt, $18. Right, pantsuit that Blazes White. Blazer, $27; pants, $16; sweater, $10. All, 8 to 16. All shoes shown, Capezio.

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MAY CO. California, all stores



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Holiday Inn®
SIGNATURE
Beverly Paige
THE INSEPARABLES COLLECTION . . . the dress that comes in two parts: this is the idea now. Far left, lemon-peel wool jersey, skirt with a fling of pleats, longish top. About $26. Center. the soft-shape, cowled neck, a stemmy skirt gathered-just-enough. Orange peel wool crêpe, about $25. Both, also in green and pink. Right. suitcase-worthy wool jersey, lime-peel this time; but in yellow and pink too. About $24. All, available in sizes 8 to 16.
HOLIDAY INN DINING, that's the picture you're getting here, part of the great Holiday picture. Note: Use the Holiday Inn Directory for all you should know about rates, accommodations, food and facilities.
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For the fashion traveller: Executive Leeds/Dacron® attaché case in cloud grey or bark brown. Beautifully thought- out appointments including a removable file folder. About $45.
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Holiday Inn®
Loomtoge

SIGNATURE

AFRICA COLLECTION, a fashionable species that make poolside lounging an art. *Left to right,* Pants Afrique—smashing, cropped top, about $24. Short T-shirt, the kind that you wear with a fall of hair and earrings—in short, with a Splash. About $20. Hooded Caftan, the kind that packs into Nothing, here in African-graphics print. About $30. Each in cotton Khanga cloth in orange/white/black, red/white/black, navy/red/white. Sizes 6 to 16.

HOLIDAY INN POOLS are just part of the luxurious Holiday Inn life. The rest—saunas, exercise rooms, terraces—help stretch your figure into its limber best, could stretch your weekend into the work week.

Leeds Luggage

How to lead the beauty life away from home: via Leeds/Dacron® extra-roomy Jet Mate beauty-case with three-way mirror and removable cosmetic tray sectioned for all your beauty tools. About $40.

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in all sizes, in a range of fashion colors, from about $23 to $70.

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Golden rose ensemble, diamonds and cabochon rubies. Necklace, $3,900. Earclips, $2,000. Clip, $2,200.

Thistle ensemble, bristling gold with clusters of round diamonds. Clip, $900. Earclips, $1,100.

Butterflies, ruby eyes, diamond bodies, diamond flecked wings. $750 each.

Long chain necklace, 14 kt. gold links and turquoise beads, $150.

Pendant, lovebirds with turquoise bodies and ruby eyes, set in 18 kt. gold, $75.

Daisy ensemble, textured gold with centers of round sapphires and round turquoises. Bracelet, $375. Earclips, $170.

Buttercup clip, textured gold, round diamond center surrounded by cabochon turquoises, $165.

Cufflinks. Gold and diamond, $700. Square, $195. Star, $120.

Tie bar, $50. Butane lighter, $450.

Jewels shown actual size. 18 kt. gold unless otherwise specified. Other gems available. Designs copyrighted.

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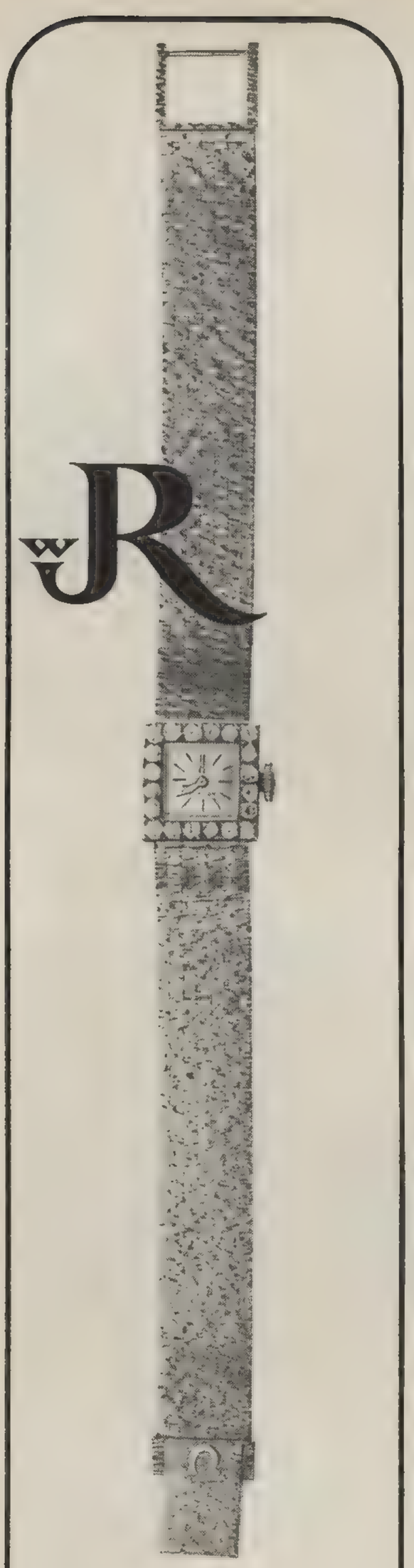


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VOGUE'S READY VIGOUR

A master plan to separate the men from the boys

They didn't just helter-skelter into these twenty-one man-enhancing manoeuvres. They pestered their laboratories for two years. They constantly heckled a number of finicky panelists to test them under all conditions, give them the works, works, works. . . . There is something different, Charles Revson reasoned, between the chemistry of a man's skin and a woman's; between a man's and a boy's. There is also a difference between what a man has to do for himself every morning and night and the procedures a woman, equally thoughtful about herself, cares to follow. Ergo: Braggi. The Braggi Collection, The Man Plan. A group of cosmetics zoned for man. First zone Charles Revson attacked was the shaving zone. Target: softening the beard, quickening the razing, fixing the skin in a way most compatible with that skin. Pre-blade beard softener to ease the trauma, set up the beard for destruction. Moister, latherier shave cream to soften bristles even further, speed the razor's progress. Two after-shave soothers, one a classic astringent, the other a unique balm for the man who jumps a foot when he puts on an astringent (somebody called this one an "Anglo-Saxon soother," probably in reference to the fact that it's preferred by pale skins). Cover Tone: three colours of pressed talc to tone down a beard, not necessarily at 5:01 P.M., but in the morning to even out the look of skin, to obliterate blemishes. . . . Next: the Braggi face zone. A cleansing bar in its own "It's mine, mind you" stand. Moisturizer. Nightcap massage to ease the taut *angst* look. Outdoor cream for sports. Face bronzer for instant health. Facial pickup, a ten-minute masque, to whip up circulation, help demolish tension lines. . . . Braggi body zone. Shower shampoo for all the body hair. Sauna splash, a rubdown that's more invigorating than a post-sauna shower. And a cologne deodorant spray and stick for whoever prefers which. . . . Mr. Revson went on to consider the hair and scalp zone for men with neatness problems in those areas, came up with a proteinized conditioning tonic, and an aerosol hairspray with loads of hold. . . . And then there is, of course, the Braggi cologne, a scent that slinks through the entire Braggi collection; a cunning fragrance that goes on lemony, dries down to a woodsy tabac. . . . All very Braggi-aboutable. . . .

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shows you how to invest in glamour issues...as does Paine, Webber. Here our own crepe winner among the blue chips, reaching a new high in waistlines. In ice pink, papaya or black.

By TEAL TRAINA



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Kayser is marvelous in bed

Looking this spectacular at bedtime used to be something that only happened in movies. Isn't progress marvelous? One long pleated drift of nylon—black, of course. (Although you can also have it in white, real red, aqualite). Sizes: S, M, L, about $16.00.

Also available in Canada. Another fine product of ®, Kayser-Roth, 640 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10019.

Reading list: colognes, after-shaves

The colognest of colognes is 4711; its source, the real Cologne. The most ubiquitous of colognes in the United States has been Old Spice—its maker, Shulton, now has Old Spice V.S.O.R. (meaning Very Special Old Reserve) done up as an all-purpose lotion. The cologne that's credited with having put new muscle into the fragrance-is-for-men picture is Dana's Canoe; the success of that scent helped to nerve up the entire field. . . . The great French scent houses stand at the top of any list of considerations: Guerlain (whose Habit Rouge is the new thing; but whose Impériale and Vétiver are continuing splendours). Caron (with Pour un Homme Champagne and Pour un Homme French Lavender). Lanvin (with the unusual Figaro, which smells of new-cut grass on the 18th green; and its Vetyver). The house of Chanel has just re-done the admired A Gentleman's Cologne. Carven has Vétiver de Carven Pour Monsieur. Jean d'Albret has Messire. Patou does a men's fragrance called Monsieur Net. Marcel Rochas is thanked for Moustache—a handsome scent that's considered an important fixture among the good French offerings. Nina Ricci forgets the Nina and stresses the Ricci with Signoricci, a men's scent that's both green and great. From Hermès, the liked Eau de Cologne Hermès. From the house of Christian Dior, there's Fraîche. Givenchy's Monsieur de Givenchy has the goods. So has Eau de Kananga by Rigaud. So has Monsieur Balmain. And Corday, which speaks French usually, speaks American Man with Jet for Jentlemen. . . . The only men's colognes that are produced, bottled and packed up in Scotland, far as we know, are the several by Brooks Bros. Among these: an excellent Sandalwood. . . . Spain is on with Myrurgia's Sí Señor. And in an attractive bottle, there's Agua Lavanda Puig of Barcelona. . . . Ah, now, England: Alfred Dunhill's newest is British Tabac. And Kent of London has a mossy-wood-cologne. Lenthéric, which has some French bloodlines, is nonetheless British as far as men's scent is concerned; its Onyx got a good grip on England some time back and is now doing same in U.S.A. Did we mention Yardley? Hardly need to—but the new pet of that excellent house is Jaguar. Also from London is Island Surf by a house called Robinson-Bishop. . . . To the Caribbean, et cetera: from St. Thomas, the Virgin Islands Perfume Company sends forth lime-scented, smoky Island Man. From the West Indies Bay Company, St. Johns Bay Rum, St. Johns Lime. From Nassau, B.W.I.: Royall Lyme. . . . Stay with us. In addition to the American-made groomers mentioned on the chart on pages 174 to 177, there are these to consider. Aphrodisia from Fabergé's Town House. Aztec, a spice-herb-wood inspired collection. The Kings Men group of which Imperial Gold is a star. . . . Royal Regiment is what Max Factor describes as its "crisp, authoritative, masculine blend." Also from California comes Imperial Del Oro which puts its bottle of Russian Leather in a stash-away box for cuff links. Note the name, Royalty; note the appellation, White Hunter; note the parent company, Parker Pen. Speidel, the watchband king, has come along with a men's scent called British Sterling. And Hickok, the belt company would have you taking a belt of Mark II before breakfast. We speak of Evyan's The Baron on the men's-grooming chart; this scent is pleased to be produced in the U.S.A. . . . And, just because Charles Revson has signed his new Braggi collection with his name doesn't mean that Revlon won't continue with That Man, Top Brass, and the good Pub. . . .





Diamond-set watches that lead a double life

COVER-LID WATCHES, LEFT TO RIGHT: 24 DIAMONDS, 14K WHITE OR YELLOW GOLD, $775. 12 DIAMONDS, 14K GOLD, $750. 33 DIAMONDS, 14K GOLD, $900. 18 DIAMONDS, 14K GOLD $875

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There is only one Arnel.

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CROCODILE BAG HERMÈS/PARIS

Calèche

PARFUMS HERMÈS/Paris

Mock shell re-fillable spray. 1 oz. 32.50. Purse size 12.50. Made, packaged and sealed in France. Dist., U.S.A. © Hermark Corporation 1966.

LORD & TAYLOR / STIX BAER & FULLER / ROBINSON'S

If it cost a lot less than you think, would you still buy it?



This dress costs $26. If that seems a bit incredible, you have a right to be suspicious. After all, maybe they skimped on the material. Or the workmanship.

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And since a bargain should be practical, too, this dress is knit of 100% Acrilan® acrylic. Which means it washes perfectly (with white, that's important), and won't turn color (ditto). Sizes 8 to 18 in navy with white, and black with white. So if it would still make you feel better to spend more, you can always buy two. **Miss Donna**

Miss Donna, a Division of Nelly Don.

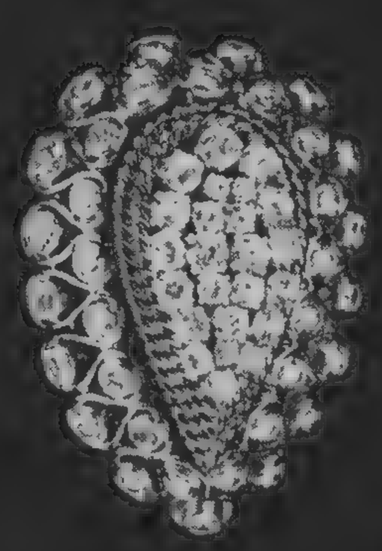
Dayton's, Minneapolis, Minn.; Macy's, New York; Jelleff's, Washington, D.C.; Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans, La.

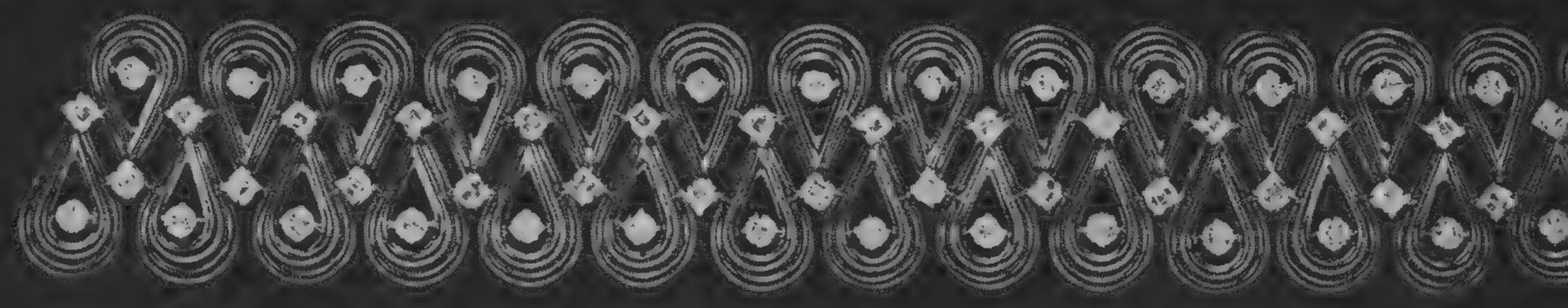
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Earrings, about $12,500; two-finger ring, about $6000; cluster ring, about $530; high-rise ring, about $1050; brooch, about $3800; bracelet, about $4000. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

FASHION ON THE MOVE

The jacket-dress that's a costume. Wisteria shade of chiffon mohair checked with Carioca Pink. Tropic Green, Indio Blue or Biscuit. Fully lined in silk. 6 to 16. About $150.

DAVID BARR for FABIOLA



910 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, California

530 Seventh Avenue
New York, New York

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 144-145; other views, yardages, details)



6985

Above: Two-piece knit, two-way stripes—blouson top, gathered skirt. Vogue Pattern 6985. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 2⅜ yds. of 60″ fabric without nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.



6969

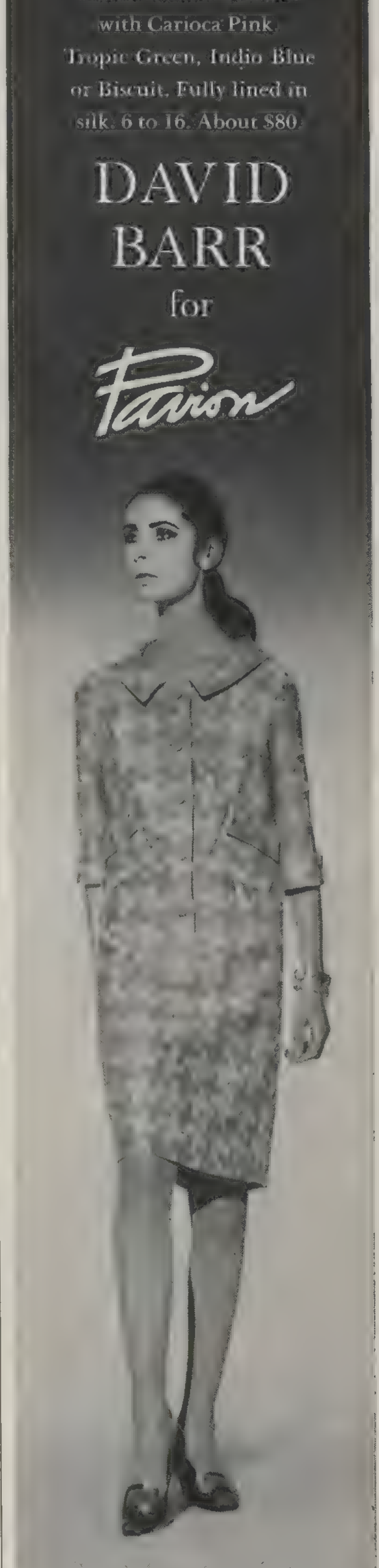
Above: Fly-front coat, stripes on the round—Velcro closing optional. Vogue Pattern 6969. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards of 60″ fabric without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

FASHION ON THE MOVE

The dress-that's-a-coat in a Wisteria shade of chiffon mohair checked with Carioca Pink. Tropic Green, Indio Blue or Biscuit. Fully lined in silk. 6 to 16. About $80.

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Vogue's once-a-year gala for the Christmas eye . . .

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Don't miss Vogue for December

Dawn of young new culottes in Celanese Nylon



GOTHAM is so ecstatic about the fact that black is back, that they made these marvelous culottes black *and* backless. And lacy. And so femme fatale! In wonderful, washable tricot of Celanese Nylon. Designed especially for Gotham's new Boutique collection by Montenero, they also add glamour to the at-home scene in nude or white. Matching gown. 30 to 36, each about $30. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Battelstein's, Houston; Burdine's, Miami; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Pogue's, Cinn.

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Nightquilting—something blue



PENATI

Chevron-quilted dressing gown in gleamy Persian blue—long, narrow, with ruching down the front, on the sleeves, and a muffle of white mink at the throat. By Barbizon, of acetate and rayon with polyester fiberfill. (We added the mink.) About $21. At Stern Brothers; Frederick & Nelson. Bernardo sandals. Wig by Paul Mitchell of Henri Bendel.

The Anne Fogarty

shown on opposite page
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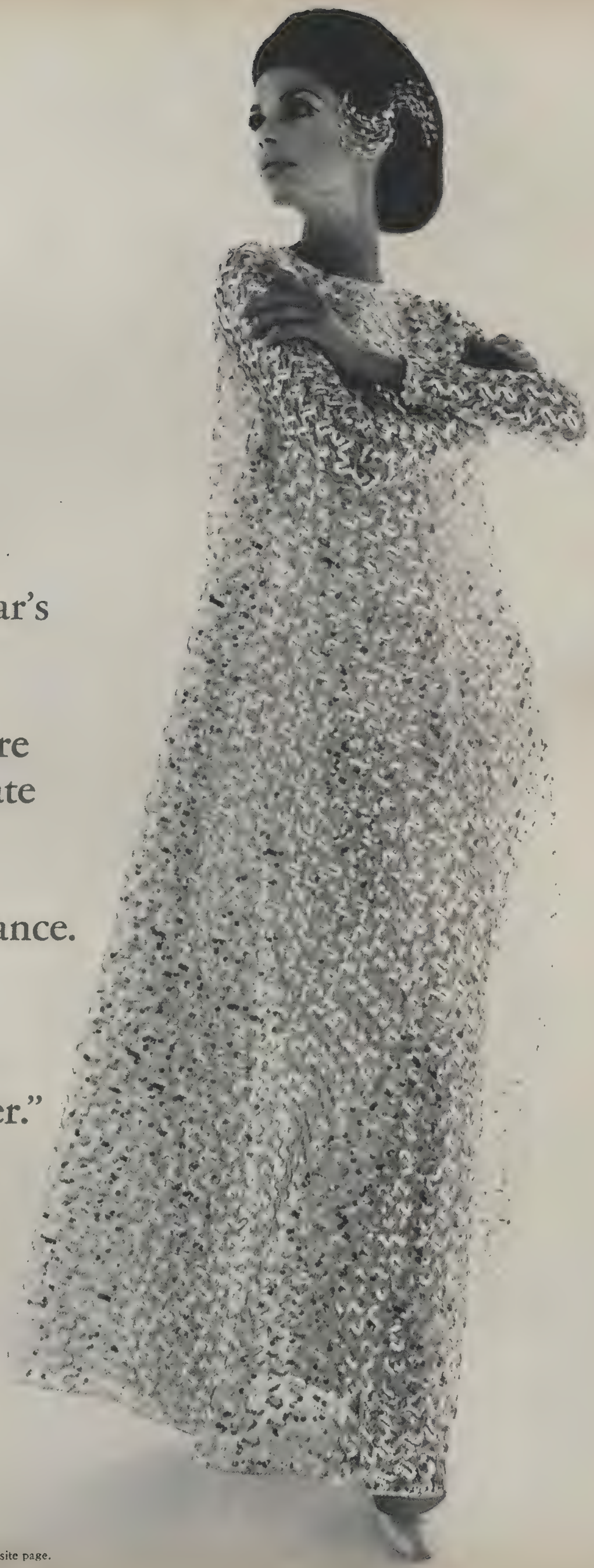
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"Any woman who doesn't
take advantage of this year's
brilliant night look
is going to hate herself
next morning. If ever there
was a time to communicate
excitement, this is it.
This dress says it–
it's like walking in brilliance.
I don't know who'll
feel more sensational–
the woman wearing it
or the man who's with her."

Anne Fogarty



Silver sequin on white lace. Sizes 4 to 14. $155*. At stores listed on opposite page.
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David Evins remembers when boots left you cold. Not anymore.

Since when? Since Herculon*

Once boots were only for mountain climbers and Eskimos. And homely and heavy they were, too. But all that's changed. Vis à vis David Evins' slim, sleek, slip-of-a-boot in shining Corfam® lined with Herculon* olefin fiber. What's Herculon? The lightest, softest, coziest warmer since Grandma's feather quilt. Keeps toes toasty. Never feels clammy. Dries faster than a snowflake on a hot stove. Now then. Isn't it time your legs warmed up to boots? In wine only, to order, about $110. At I. Miller Stores everywhere. Also available at Marshall Field Company, Chicago, Illinois; Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas, Texas.

*Registered trademark of Hercules Incorporated, Wilmington, Delaware for its olefin fiber. Hercules makes the fiber only. FC 66-11

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Maximilian
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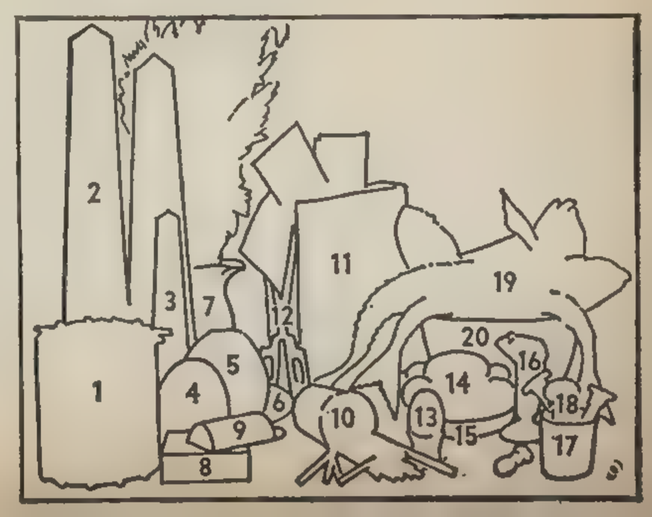
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Men are often the most consistent and authoritative of collectors: a good thing, that, for collections open paths to choosing presents. For instance, Dr. Michael De Bakey, the great heart surgeon, collects clocks and watches and historical gadgets related to his work. André Watts, the brilliant young concert pianist, collects old recordings of Edwin Fisher. Jonathan Miller, the British man for all theatre, collects books on Victorian neurology. . . . So goes it. Here, to give for Christmas or love, are things mainly in silver that may link to hobbies, or to some man's state of mind.

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5. Thumbprint crystal paperweight; both from Tiffany, $30 each.
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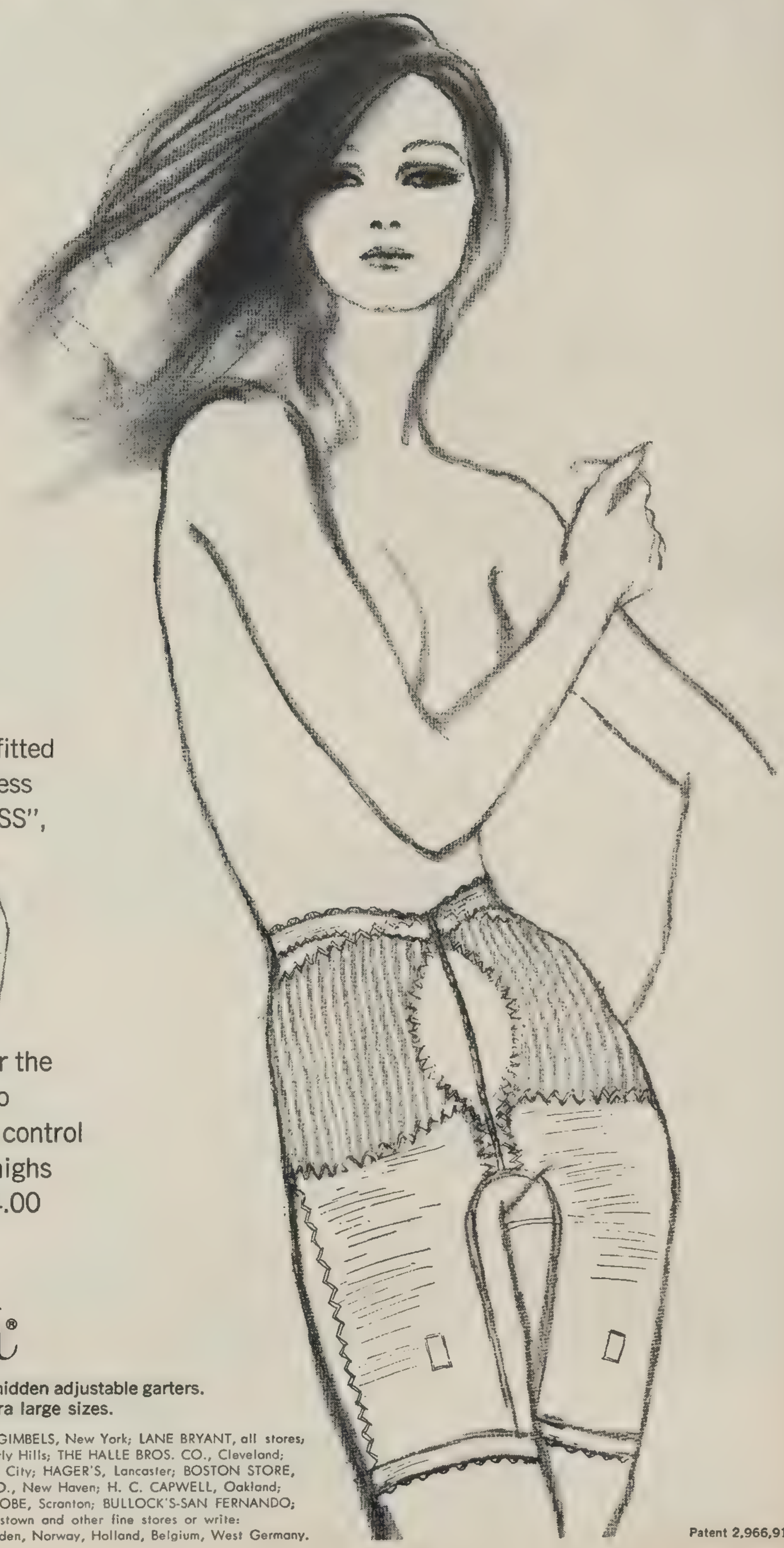
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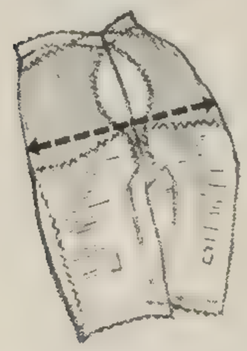
Don't peep, Tom!

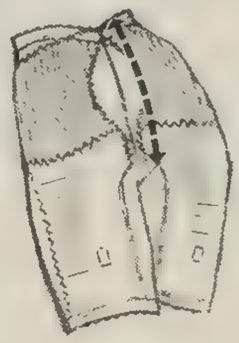
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Patent 2,966,912

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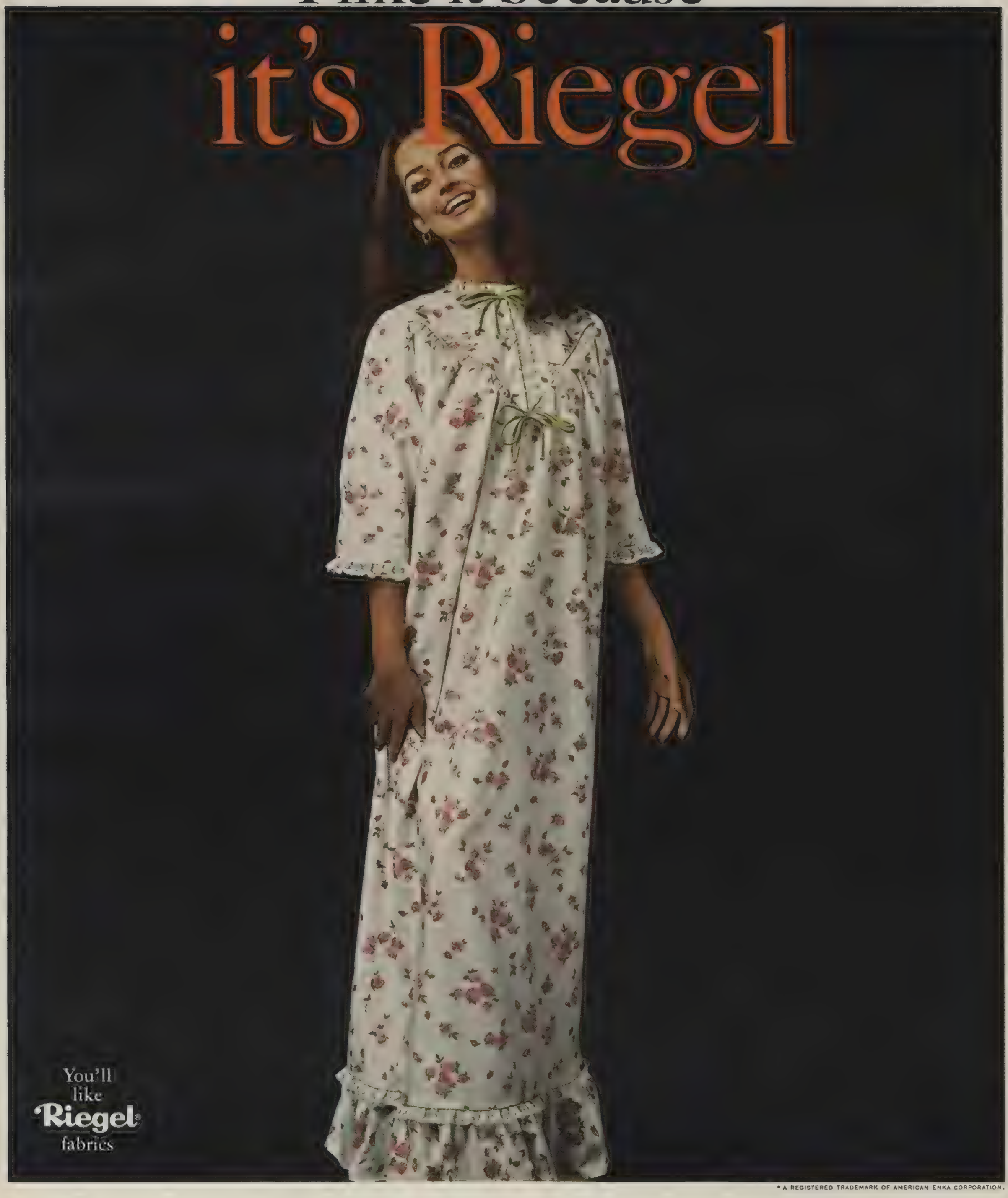
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

November 15

The beauty they built the new opera house for

Not a period piece. Not preserved charm. *Present* beauty, very contemporary. That's how one observer described the impact in the new Metropolitan Opera House of Lynn Fontanne at the first night of *La Traviata.* Alfred Lunt was the director, and Mrs. Lunt was the most admired member of the audience. In floating chiffon with enormous full sleeves just below the elbow, a sailing, floating-action skirt, she walked her legendary glide . . . up and down the red-carpeted stairs without ever lowering her head, without ever looking down. The way automatically cleared for her as, piloted by an escort, she moved serenely through the confusion. She held her long neck plumb-line straight, as if invisibly held up by a taut wire from the ceiling. Sitting at the table, her attention complete to her escort, she listened, head tilted, cocked, turned on her column neck, the tip of her chin always pointing slightly upwards. Her looks and her carriage were utterly inspiring—awe-inspiring and imitation-inspiring. When Mrs. Lunt said "The age of any actress is unimportant," she wasn't just whistling Traviata. . . .

How the kempt keep their cosmetics

A silver box and bottle collector, Mrs. Anthony Newley keeps her false eyelashes in a silver stamp box, her mouches and perfumes in silver-topped glass jars. . . . Contessa Violante Visconti di Modrone carries her rose-minty mouth freshener spray in a blue-green enamel jar, and Donna Domitilla Ruspoli, who wears pale-blue eye makeup, stores it, appropriately, in a lapis lazuli box. . . . Mrs. Tony Curtis mixes her blue-green eye shadow in an old French *pot de crème* tray centred on her dressing table and, since she gave up smoking, has taken to using as an evening purse a ravishing Fabergé cigarette case, white enamel with a double-headed gold eagle, cabochon sapphires. She cut down a small brush to go in it, fitted it with a tiny mirror. . . . Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, junior, carries her powder in a gold globe engraved with a map of the world; each time the Fairbanks visit a new place, she adds a new stone in proper geographic location. . . . Mrs. Mortimer Hall uses wicker trays from a nearby basket shop as drawer dividers for cosmetics. . . . Beside her breakfast tray, Mrs. Ray Milland keeps a Waterford crystal candy jar filled with red and green biscuits for her boxer dog, Cindy, a frequent breakfast companion. . . .

Ski-xercises and other ski-xerations

Sit down between two chairs on a slippery floor? Turn your legs to the right or to the left? Place your hands on the back of the chairs and lift yourself up several times? Yes. Do it often, if skiing is one of your notions for next weekend. It's a pre-ski exercise suggested by Honoré Bonnet, author of *Ski à la Française,* to get you ready for the trail and the slopes, to rev you up for the slitheriest of skiing. . . . Everybody has a ski recipe. In the next issue we'll report on six French women's makeup for the slopes. Meanwhile, one of several cosmetics houses brooding about the looks and the skin health of skiers is Bonne Bell, author of the famous 1006 lotion. Some of 1006's lovingly protective devices have been corralled in one package entitled The Total Ski Look. Five skier skin guards compose the cast of characters. Kristi Stick is a lip pomade designed to keep mouths non-chapped (and it doesn't care if the mouth is male or female). A lip gloss, pale-apricot by colour persuasion, performs the same safety rites as Kristi, tinting a mouth prettily the while. Sure Tan, a tubed sun screen plus moisturizer, plans a tan for the skier without an intervening sunburn. High Altitude Cream is high on richness, a heavy-weight sentinel against mountain sun, wind, and consequent chafing. And 1006 cleansing tissues, saturated in 1006 lotion and wrapped in foil, keep the skier clean, conveniently, at the top of her world. . . . Little as we care to mention money, this ski-xcitement is too worthy to let its small price go uncongratulated. $2 for the whole slalom. . . .



Wild! is the word for the uninhibited jungle beat of Tigress

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THE WINNER WHO LOST: montgomery clift

BY BARBARA LONG

It was April, 1966, and the spring rains were coming down hard and cold in Germany. Montgomery Clift had been there six weeks making *The Defector*, his first movie in four years. The crew, exclusively European, mainly French, knew that they were only one day behind schedule and that their star couldn't have been more cooperative, but they were nervous. Clift had a long-standing reputation for falling apart, one of the reasons he had had so much trouble getting the insurance necessary for a star to make a movie, and even now, when things were going smoothly on the surface, he had the aura of a man struggling to hold himself together. "If only he'd relax," said one of the company's members, an old friend. "We all know this isn't a great movie. Any other actor would see it as a lark and zip through. He's only got two more weeks to go, and he's killing himself with strain."

That day's schedule called for Clift to escape from a simulated East Germany. The physical exertion, bicycling a few hundred feet and crossing a barricade in the steady downpour, had exhausted him. He slumped in the back seat of his rented car, more in a stupor than sleep, while his Negro secretary and his Russian acting coach dried off his head and wrapped him in a blanket. Before they too bowed their heads and closed their eyes, the secretary took a burning cigarette from Clift's hand and butted it.

A half hour later the director came over and told the secretary they'd be needing Monty in a few minutes. The secretary shook Monty. "Come, Monty, it's time to wake up. Now, give me your glasses." Monty handed over his thick eyeglasses. "Mira," the secretary said to the acting coach, "would you please help me with this?" He handed her a bottle of contact-lens cleanser, then took a pair of contacts out of their case. She squirted cleanser onto one lens and gave it to the secretary. He dried it off, and inserted it in Clift's left eye. They cleaned off the other lens, and the secretary inserted it in Clift's right eye. The actor blinked a few times. The secretary wiped the excess fluid off Clift's cheeks.

"Thank you," Monty said to the secretary. "Thank you, dear," he said to the acting coach, and went back into the rain.

After the next scene was shot, the company drove to a local inn for lunch. They stayed in their cars until the secretary and the acting coach had helped Monty into the inn and up the stairs to a room where he could lie down. No one talked during lunch, looking occasionally to the door leading to the room upstairs. The secretary came in and told the director that Monty wanted to see him. Sounds of Clift's voice, raised in anger, could be heard a few minutes later coming from the room.

That afternoon the rain continued, and Clift bicycled through a muddy field onto a village street. After the third take, he said to the director, "I'm sorry, we'll have to do it again. It's my fault."

"No, no, Monty," replied the director, just as formally, "it's our fault."

A few scenes later, the director announced that, while the crew had more work to do, Clift and his staff were free to go back to their hotel in Regensburg. Clift apologized for losing his temper earlier that morning, for delays in the shooting schedule. "Forget it, Monty," said the director, putting his arm around Clift's shoulder, walking him to his car, "you're the star and my star has the right to blow up at his director at least once a day." He kissed Clift on both cheeks. "I hope he gets through the next two weeks," he said to his cameraman.

It was now 4:00 P.M., and the company took a five-minute break. They stood at the edge of the Danube, watching as the huge raft, the only link between the village of Poikam and the highway on the other side of the river, backed up to the pier at the foot of a slope. Just then the sun broke through the clouds for the first time all day, the sun's rays gleaming off the top of Clift's black Mercedes-Benz. He had changed from his battered leather jacket into a black tweed jacket and black cashmere turtleneck. We could see through the rear window his profile, his sunglasses, his cigarette holder. He looked every inch the glamorous Movie Star.

In the back seat with him was his aging but still beautiful Russian acting coach. Facing them from the front seat was the smiling Negro secretary and, sitting next to him, facing forward, was the handsome young German chauffeur. Every inch the glamorous Movie Star's Entourage. The company didn't resume its work until the car reached the opposite shore and pulled off down the highway. The script girl, a happy, bubbly girl, whom Clift occasionally slapped affectionately on the buttocks, slipped in the mud and laughingly grabbed onto someone for support. Everyone started to laugh at nothing in particular. "Somebody told me they're making a movie near Montgomery Clift here," she said, then giggled. "I mean, they're making a Montgomery Clift movie near here."

The last one, as it happened.

Montgomery Clift was a movie star, and a myth, and a man forty-five years old. Like all celebrities, he was well-known, as David Boorstin says, for his "well-knownness." Like very few movie stars, he became a myth because he projected qualities deeply meaningful to the public. Public tastes change, however, and Clift, trapped both by his need for the public and the demands made by the myth, was a middle-aged man still playing the Super-Sensitive Hopelessly Doomed Man—a rôle intrinsically youthful, one precluding the compromises and adjustments men make to get through a long life—to an audience that found his acting style and his myth embarrassingly obsolete.

Ironically, it was Clift who, in his first movie, helped another middle-aged myth over the hump. Thomas B. Morgan wrote that John Wayne, the American (Western) Hero, went on playing The Kid, looking less and less the part, until he was forty. In *Red River*, on the advice of screenwriter Bordon Chase, Wayne became "a middle-aged heavy, a Texas Captain Bligh on a cattle drive that was essentially a voyage. And of course Montgomery Clift would be the Western Mr. Christian." The graft took, and Wayne had a rôle he could play the rest of his life. The no-nonsense, one-hundred-per-cent-American Wayne was pleased but troubled. How, he asked an interviewer, could a healthy America love his bullying Bligh, and yet find Clift's Christian sympathetic? How could America love the guy who loses the fist fight?

After World War II, during which actors like Wayne had destroyed the visible enemies of freedom for all time, the public, now with leisure and need to face the invisible enemies, did indeed love losers. A generation come of age during the 1940's couldn't believe in the self-conscious nihilism of the Lost Generation or the ideology of the Marxists. The world could neither be denied nor saved. There were no Winners, only Survivors; no answers, only questions. (Continued on page 72)

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If you want more than time, get a

HAMILTON



Montgomery Clift

(Continued from page 70)

Realizing it was impossible to save anyone else, each man searched for values by which to salvage his own humanity.

Clift established himself with both the critics and the audience in *The Search,* his first movie to be released, a semi-documentary exploring the relationship between an American G.I. and a little boy looking for his mother in postwar Europe. Incredibly attractive, beautiful rather than handsome, frail but virile-looking, a brunet F. Scott Fitzgerald, Clift had a face that registered a full range of emotions easily. His smile came slowly, emerging as sunlight. In the movie, his roommate, a nice, decent bureaucratic type, said, "If I'm going to help these people, I have to keep my feelings out of it." Clift was the young man who couldn't help everybody, but did get involved with a child whose hand he had reached for and held.

Fumbling, inarticulate, looking susceptible to migraines, sensitive and suffering, Clift, Marlon Brando, and James Dean, in that order, became the new heroes, the Deeply Human Victims, assertively vulnerable, trying to do the right thing but living in an arbitrary world. At the beginning of their careers, competing hard, Clift and Brando, more so than Dean, constituted an important American metaphor. Together they were the American Dream, the Compleat American, combining the activity and physical strength of the frontier with the sensitivity and gentleness of the cultured, effete East.

Brando was the tough but sensitive, bewildered boy, the American good at games, who wore his clothes well, who rebelled rather than reflected, who struck out when confused. In *The Wild One,* asked what he was rebelling against, he answered, "What have you got?"

Clift was more the intellectual, poor at games, lost inside his clothes, wearing horn-rimmed glasses even when he wasn't, sensitive and a rebel, but rebelling in a quieter, deeper way. His line, the one with which he can best be identified, came from James Jones's Prewitt in *From Here to Eternity:* "If a man don't go his own way, he's nothin'." For both Clift and Brando The Dream failed. The active and reflective parts never quite integrated, and each part, left alone and incomplete, was incapable of maturation. The suppressed violence implied by both men on the screen was the tension between sensitivity and rage. Both were capable of murder and, ashamed of their impulses, they demanded to be beaten.

Both men understood their myths so well that a story once circulated in Hollywood, at a time when Clift and Brando could name their pictures and prices, claiming the only way to interest them in a script was to promise a beating before The End. Clift had no sense of humour about himself, but he was quick to spot his own hang-ups in someone else and to mock them. While he and Brando were making *The Young Lions* together, he complained: "Look at Marlon! He can't stand not being sympathetic, he's turning that bastard Nazi into a martyr."

Near the end of the picture, the Nazi was shot and staggered down a hill. Brando, quite serious, suggested he be allowed to fall across a heap of barbed wire, arms outstretched. Clift, just as serious, threatened to walk out of the picture. "Of course," said a friend. "When Monty was around, there was room for only one Jesus Christ."

Screenwriter Robert Thom, a close friend of Clift's, thinks that Clift was the innovator of the suffering style of the 40's, was the unique talent among the three, and that his most important influence was Alfred Lunt with whom he had acted as a teen-ager. Of course Clift added his own professional and personal quirks, and when he went backstage to visit Lunt and his wife after not seeing them for many years, Lynn Fontanne was shocked. "My boy," she said, "what have you done to yourself?"

Clift had done a lot to himself, very little of it not self-abusive, and apparently had been

(Continued on page 74)

The signature is unmistakable.

VANITY FAIR



Montgomery Clift

(Continued from page 72)

doing it most of his life. He was born the brother of a twin sister and the son of a New York stockbroker. When he was thirteen years old, his family visited Sarasota, Florida, where he joined an amateur stage company. Back in New York, a year later, he landed a part in a Broadway production, *Fly Away Home*. Although he always showed what one friend called "an amnesia about his childhood," and he and his family always refused to be questioned about each other by the press, he seems to have made his own decision and arrangements for his career with neither help nor opposition from his family, a singularly brave act for a fourteen-year-old.

Clift did very well on Broadway, although Fitzroy Davis, in a memorial letter to *The New York Times*, wrote: "I remember Montgomery Clift as I first met him backstage at the Booth Theatre in the fall of 1938 when he played Jessie Royce Landis's son in *Dame Nature*. I remember his dazzling beauty and talent in that first major appearance, but I also remember his hypersensitive quickness to misinterpret and mistrust, even at that age, before his personal furies set out in full pursuit of him."

Clift, claiming that he preferred a stage career, turned down many Hollywood offers until he signed with Howard Hawks for *Red River*. Although he became a Bobby-Soxer Dreamboat overnight, receiving more fan mail each week than anyone else at his studio, he continued to maintain an inexpensive apartment, avoided nightclubs and press-agent-concocted affairs, and offended much of the press. He wanted always, he said, to remain in touch with "the people."

Clift was certainly intense and sensitive as a performer, but he had a boyish charm, a hesitant but engaging warmth, and, according to friends, an antic joy of life. One of his friends called it "royal madness." Once, out on the ocean aboard the "Queen Elizabeth," Clift decided to walk home. He put on his hat and coat, grabbed a valise, climbed over the rail, and hung there, treading air. Asked later if he had been afraid, he grinned and said no, but he was afraid the Cunard Line would have him arrested.

If Clift ever had a joy of life, he seemed to lose it during the next few years. He showed signs of turning inward more and more. He got a bad press. He made enemies. He ran into trouble with studios. There were stories, some published, of hard drinking, drying-out sanitariums, barbiturate- and amphetamine-taking. He was always accident prone, implying a contempt for his own body, and while making a picture he would undertake abusively ascetic diets and regimens. "I'm surprised," said one associate, "that no priest ever got to him and converted him. Monty would have revelled in one of the stricter monastic orders. He was always the perfect monk." In one of his best films, Hitchcock's *I Confess*, Clift did play the rôle of a priest.

Clift complained bitterly of friendships and devised a system for testing them. Formerly he had sent out sixty Christmas cards and received sixty. One year he sent out seven and got back sixty. The year after that he sent none and got five. "If you don't give the Scotch," he said, "you don't get the gin." The consensus among former close friends is that the real test he applied to friendship was truth —if they pointed out the truth to him, they were no longer his friends.

Among Clift's longest friendships were those with older women—Libby Holman, Myrna Loy, Nancy Walker, Mira Rostova—but most of his associations were intense and short. A friend, who still thinks of Clift as "unique" and felt "helpless" to save him, said, "You didn't just become Clift's friend, you became his potential saviour, and I was one in a long line. You'd meet the guy at a party or something and for the next few weeks or months, or as long as your stamina held out, or until you fought because you pointed out a reality to him that he chose not to face, you'd spend every day trying to keep him alive, seeing to it that he didn't get killed crossing the street.

"He attracted masochists, and he himself was a sado-masochist. I would go to my analyst every morning and say, 'I hate that guy.' My analyst would say, 'Then don't go back.' But that night I'd drop by Monty's to see how he was, a sort of anticipation of disaster. He was a unique talent, and somehow we all wanted his approval. *Whew*, he could be cruel. He'd be showing how compassionate he was about a friend's weakness or handicap, and all the time he'd be rubbing that friend's nose in it.

"Monty never had a specific problem, he had a huge, amorphous problem. Actually he was almost pre-sexual, and his sex fantasies were so completely psyched-out we wouldn't have seen the sex in them. I always thought whenever he embraced a friend, male or female, that he was really reaching out for that oceanic thing that newborn babies have with their mothers. Whatever his problem, whatever the root of it was, we'll never know, but he never got past infantilism.

"He had to be special, and he *was* special, but he'd pick the damndest things to be special about. His suffering . . . we talked about Billie Holiday once and he demanded to know how I could listen and still go on living. He put his hands over his eyes to show how much he was suffering and said that he couldn't listen to her because of the human pain she conveyed. Well, okay, but you see, Monty had to be the only one capable of suffering or of recognizing it. Suffering was a full-time job.

"And of course he set himself up for a lot of pain. We went to a new restaurant once, and when it came time to pay the check, Monty had no cash and wanted to use a credit card. The waiter asked for identification. Now, this was after the accident, and his face was all battered, but Monty took off his glasses, looked at the waiter, and said, 'I'm afraid my face is my only identification.' The poor waiter didn't recognize him, and the maître d'hôtel had to settle the thing, but I was furious with

(Continued on page 86)

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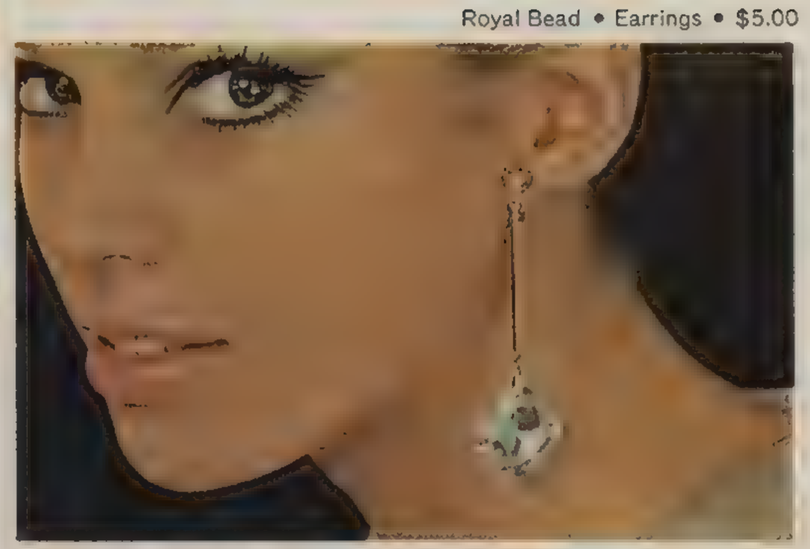
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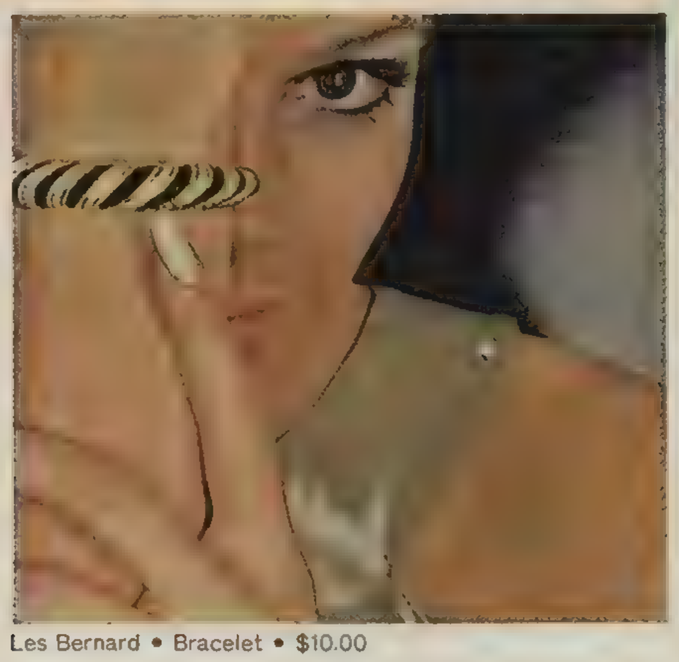
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What's the damage?

In any discussion about hair—in print, on labels, in conversation—one phrase that continually seems to surface is: "For damaged hair." Damage? What is damage as opposed to non-damage? And does the description apply to the average head of American hair—yours, ours, for instance? Well, it seems it does. It does, if the hair in question undergoes certain colouring treatments—frosting and tipping might be included under this heading. If the hair is permanent-waved fairly frequently. If the hair is subjected to a straightening process—straightening is a splendid development, but it exacts a price. . . . There's a lot of robbing Peter to pay Paul in hairdressing today. Processes that make hair manageable—make it possible for almost any kind of hair to be *fashioned* to a liked mould—do not usually improve the hair's health. That's why the so-called hair-conditioners were born. Meant to feed back to the hair the sparkle and strength which processing may have removed, the conditioners go about their work in various ways. One interesting new way has been thought up by the scientific Swiss who make Pantene. They've recently issued a creamy liquid called Conditioning de Pantene, a treatment available at hair salons. A simple little matter, Conditioning is pleased to work in about one minute's time—after the hair has had its shampoo and has been thoroughly rinsed. One minute later (or more minutes, if your hair has led a noticeably hard life), Conditioning is rinsed off, and you're ready for setting, probably with the famous Forming de Pantene—a set-holder about which you know. Examined under a microscope, hair treated to Conditioning will show a smoother looking shaft. Looked at in the light of day, hair will glow healthier, shinier, more alive with colour. . . . Although the hair-straighteners packaged for use at home include their own conditioners, it would seem to us that if dullness and split ends develop nonetheless, a conditioning treatment (such as Pantene) is called for. Immediately. . . .

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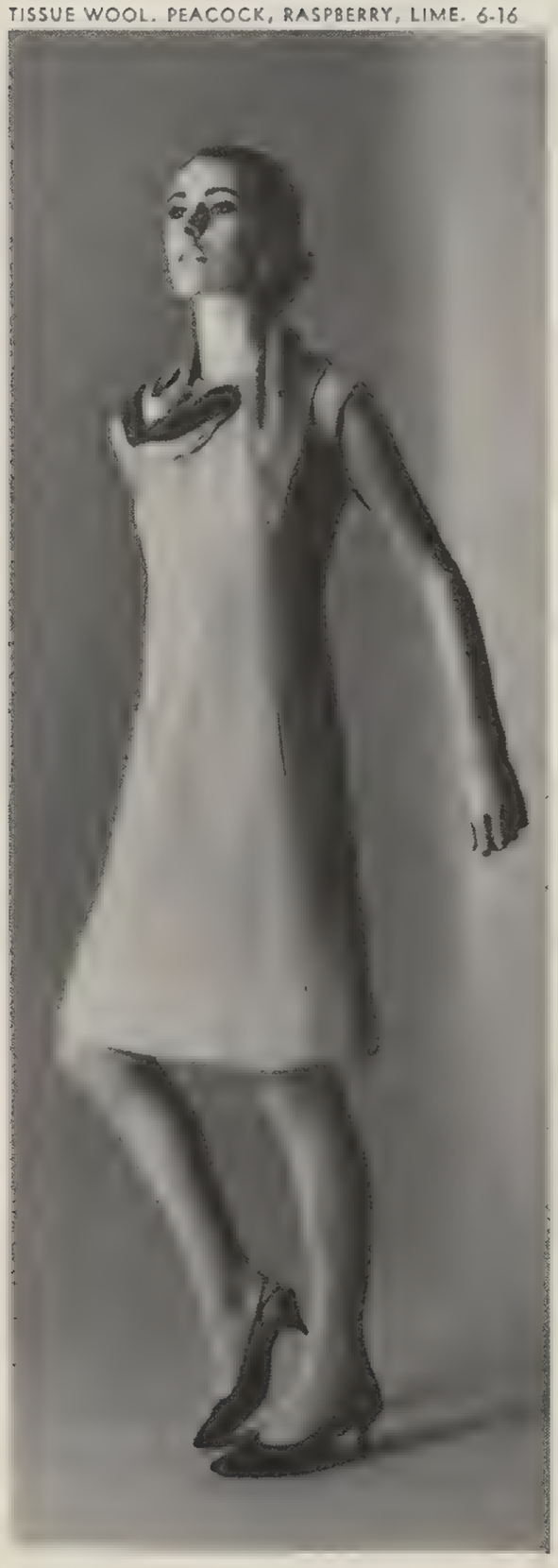
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Montgomery Clift

(Continued from page 74)

Monty. Why put some poor waiter on the spot? He just couldn't see past himself. He was incapable of getting deeply involved, but everybody had to get deeply involved with him.

"I was telling him once about an actress's brilliant opening-night performance, saying how wonderful it was to see a performer who did everything in one performance. This actress was a Method sufferer just like Monty and a good friend, but he was genuinely surprised. 'You're not talking about me, are you? How can you sit there and say those things about someone else?' Oh, Monty needed to be an actor, to hide behind the character of someone else all the time, and despite his complaints and pleas for privacy, he was an egoist who loved being a movie star."

During the past ten years, there was less of Clift to recognize publicly. In 1956 he was badly battered in an automobile crash; the cause, never disclosed nor disproved by conflicting news stories, might have been drinking. He definitely did sustain a concussion, broken nose, cuts and bruises about the face.

Clift's first big rôle after the accident was Freud. The face, once mobile, was heavy and unexpressive; the mouth, once soft and vulnerable, was now warped, perhaps not just from the accident; the eyes whirled and darted, never settling on anything they saw. His timing was shot. He was completely miscast playing a man who never wallowed in self-pity. His seven-minute rôle in *Judgment at Nuremberg* was, to some, an offensive parody of suffering.

Clift's journey inward seemed to be at a dead end. He was a middle-aged myth and the public was now more interested in getting on with the business of life. Of the three Hopelessly Doomed Men, James Dean had died an appropriately early death, Marlon Brando was casting about for a new image, and Clift was making his second comeback in a spy movie.

F. Scott Fitzgerald once said there are no second acts in America, but Montgomery Clift came close to pulling one off. His promised reward for successfully completing the low-budget thriller was to be a leading rôle in an eight million dollar production of *Reflections in a Golden Eye,* directed by John Huston and costarring Elizabeth Taylor. Movie scripts were being sent to him once more, his name was appearing again in movie columns. *Reflections* was scheduled to begin production on September 15; on July 23, 1966, Clift was dead from a coronary.

Clift's funeral was strangely tasteful yet theatrical. Inside a beautiful Episcopal Church on Madison Avenue, a few friends and his family, his Russian acting coach, and his Negro secretary, mourned him. Two friends from Cherry Grove on Fire Island glanced from his rose-covered casket in the front of the church to the main aisle, identifying movie people coming in. "Funny," said one, "I never thought Monty would last this long, but I keep wondering why, if he could make it to forty-five, he couldn't have lasted even longer."

Another friend, from Broadway and minor rôles in Hollywood, sat next to a movie executive and asked who would be doing *Reflections* now. "Marlon Brando, probably."

"How was Monty's last one?" The response was a shrug of the shoulders. "Too bad," said the friend, "it's a rotten way to go." On the street outside, hundreds of strangers, denied the ultimate show of respect to the star because his casket had been wheeled out a back door, waited to take photographs of the celebrities. Coming out of church after the embarrassingly short service, one man, used to Hollywood funerals, said, "A little *too* tasteful. Don't they have eulogies on this coast? After all, he did make seventeen pictures. Of course, a few weren't very big at the office. . . ."

Two weeks before, Clift had given his last interview. More relaxed and rested than he had been in Germany, he was obviously proud of his East Side brownstone. Standing on the second-storey patio overlooking a small garden, he said, "I never thought we'd finish this house. My friends and I had almost given it up as a permanent mess, but now it's just the way I want it. I'm sorry that you weren't here last summer. The garden used to look like a miniature forest, but all the trees have died. Well, you must come back next year."

Clift walked back into the house and stood in the middle of the living room. A large room, it was so sparsely furnished with quasi-filled bookcases and a Chinese-red sofa that his nasal mumble echoed hollowly off the white walls. "Wasn't Germany nasty? I'm feeling better now, and I'm told the picture came out *much* better than we expected. When I last saw you in Germany, we talked about my image, and I was surprised when you said I represented integrity to many people. Of course I was flattered and surprised, but I thought of it the other day.

"I had just come back from London and was walking down a street near here. A young Negro girl came up and asked for my autograph. When she held out her notebook, I could see she had a pencil inside but she was so overwhelmed she couldn't find it. I took out my pen and signed the book, and I realized how much this meant to her. She was so young, I didn't realize. . . .

"I really am surprised that writers are still interested in me. I don't know what there is to say about me. Acting is interesting, but me? I'm just a simple man who loves his work. Nobody's ever been really interested in me as a person. You could tell them about my work, but how could you possibly convince them of how deeply I dig into myself for each gesture they think is spontaneous. There is no 'great' acting, only hard work."

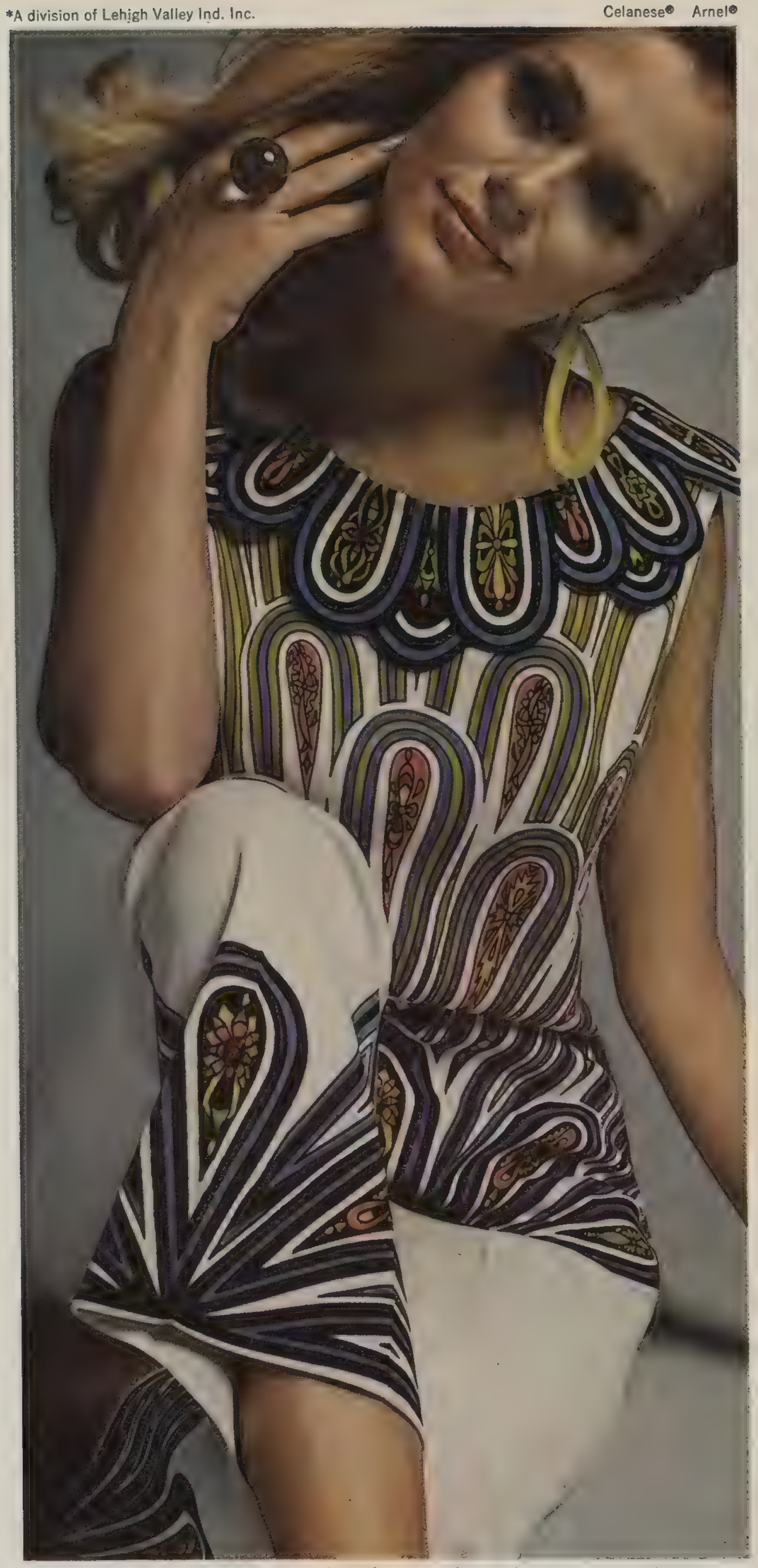
Picking up a book from the small table next to the sofa and putting it back on the shelf, he said, "I've been no help to you, and I'm sorry, but there is simply nothing to say about me. Yes, there is one thing, one last thing I'd like to say: I have never felt better. In September I start *Reflections,* then there are a few other scripts I've been considering. I feel like a young man just getting started."

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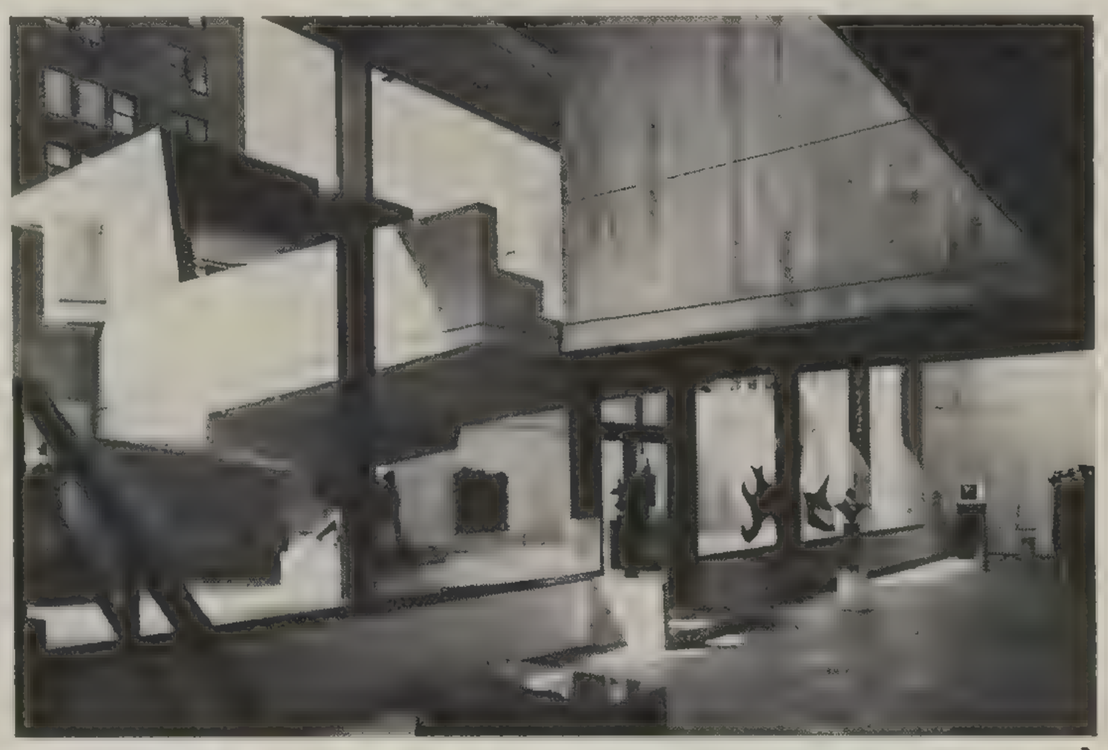
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VOGUE'S

The knock-out excitement at the opening of the Whitney Museum in New York

A marvellous building for a mash. To the gala evening preview of the new Whitney Museum of American Art in New York thousands came, a glittery crush of people. On the stairs of Marcel Breuer's handsome, austere, inverted-ziggurat building, near the large bright-blue-lined elevators, and in the lobby, people pressed like lemmings unsure of the way to the sea. Yet, deep in the serene, undefeatedly airy galleries with their grey-slate floors and open-grid ceilings, the atmosphere stayed calm, almost restful, with space to spare for looking at the Alfred Ryders, the Winslow Homers, the Pops, and the Ops in the Whitney's opening exhibition, "Art of the United States: 1670–1966." If this startling opening-night mob of the caring



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NOTEBOOK

and the careless was any test of the building, the building won. As one guest said, "The Whitney looks good, like a ziggurat should." 1. The sculpture garden of the new Whitney Museum of American Art. 2. Mrs. John F. Kennedy, Chairman of the National Committee, Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller, President of the Board of Trustees; at the dedication of the Museum. 3. Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, III. 4. Mayor and Mrs. John V. Lindsay. 5. Mrs. John F. Kennedy, Mr. André Meyer. 6. In the centre of the crowd, Mrs. Michael H. Irving. 7. Mr. and Mrs. John I. H. Baur, Mr. Philip Evergood, with a painting by Mr. Evergood. 8. Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney. 9. Mr. Ted James, Miss Benedetta Barzini, and Mr. Andy Warhol, with a Gaston Lachaise statue. 10. Mr. Barnett Newman, Miss Johanna Lawrenson, Mr. Neil Williams, Mr. Larry Poons, Miss Lucinda Childs.



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VOGUE'S

The diffused delights of a Bavarian Wedding

When Fräulein Rosaly Deckel married Comte Alain Marotte de Montigny their wedding celebrations spun into days and nights of festivities, beginning in the city of Munich, ending in the green Bavarian countryside. For their daughter's wedding ball, Herr and Frau Deckel chose Munich's Continental Hotel for dinner and dancing, then switched for breakfast of *Weisswürste* and beer to the famous bierstube Donisl. From Munich, the entourage—in from Paris, from Brussels, from Davos—moved to Haus Bodling, the Deckels' country place near the postcardesque village of Bad Heilbrunn. There, in the baroque church of St. Kilian, at a noon ceremony, the honey-haired German bride and her tall Belgian groom were married under a panoply of pastel stuccowork echoing to organ music. After a wedding luncheon and champagne



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NOTEBOOK

on the sun-freckled terrace of Bodling, the young couple sped south, first to Paris, then further south, to Kenya.

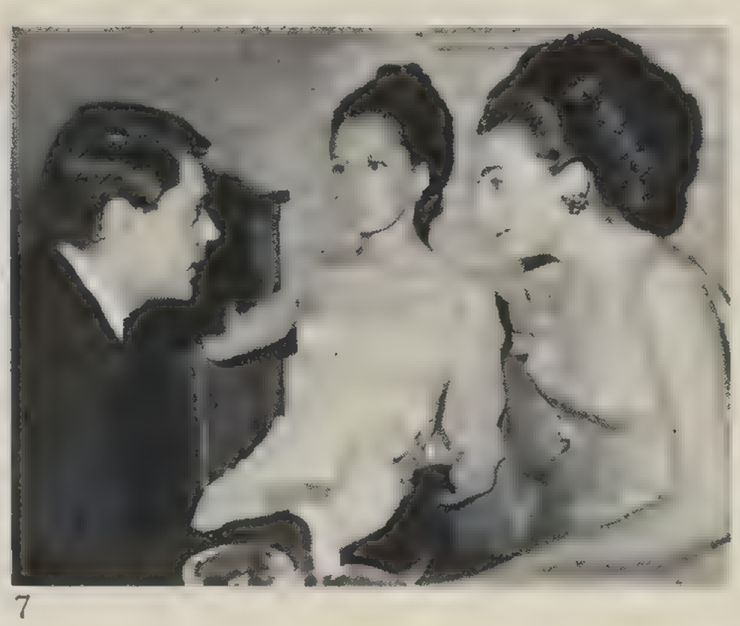
1. Comte and Comtesse Alain Marotte de Montigny with their young wedding attendants, Eva and Hans Hehemann, and right, Diane de Blegièrs. 2. The bride with her father, Herr Fritz Deckel, the German industrialist. 3. At the wedding ball, Count Friedrich von Thun und Hohenstein and Miss Valerie Metz de Croy. 4. Count Friedrich von Thun und Hohenstein, Prince Ludwig zu Sayn-Wittgenstein, Fräulein Verena von Hellingrath. 5. The wedding reception in the garden of Haus Bodling near Bad Heilbrunn. 6. Frau Marga Deckel, the mother of the bride. 7. Herr Michael Deckel, Countess Andreas Bismarck, Princess Barbara Lichtenstein. 8. At the party: Comtesse Solange Revel, M. Jean-Marie Rossi. 9. Baroness Margarethe Cramer-Klett.



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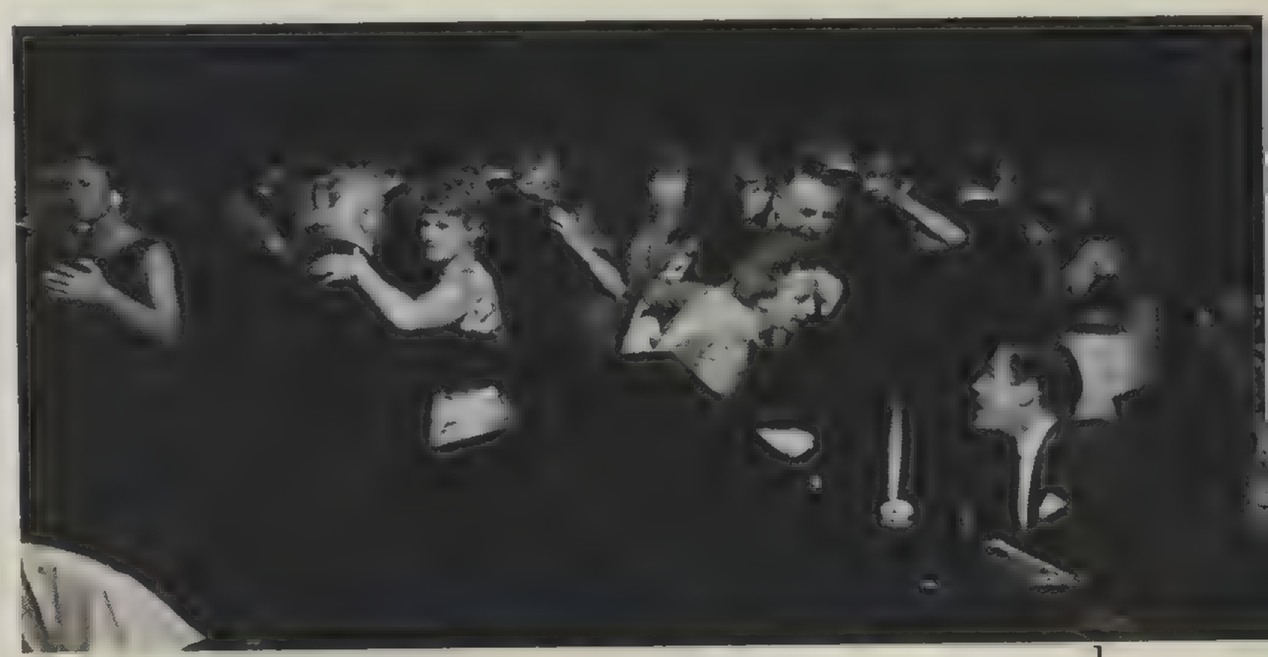
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NOTEBOOK

Donna Simonetta Fabiani. 3. Mrs. Nicholas Biddle and Mrs. Peter Duchin. 4. Mrs. Robert Russell, Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff, and Mrs. William J. vanden Heuvel. 5. Mrs. George Backer, chairman of the evening; Mr. Martin Gabel; Mr. George Backer; and Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid. 6. Mr. and Mrs. S. Carter Burden, junior. 7. Mr. William G. McKnight, Mrs. Anthony Akers, Mrs. William G. McKnight, and Ambassador Anthony Akers. 8. Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford, Mr. Gerald M. Gordon, and Mme. Elieth Roux. 9. Mr. Paul Peralta-Ramos, Count John N. Palffy, Mrs. Paul Peralta-Ramos, and Countess Palffy.



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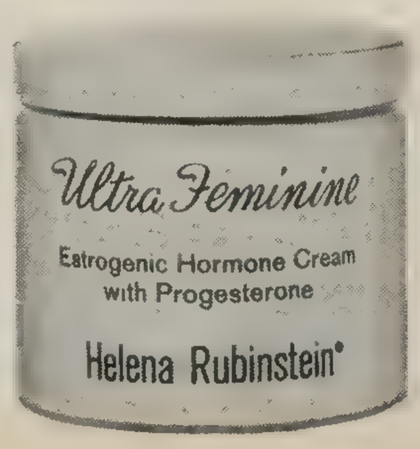
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VOGUE'S

New York's supermagnet this season: the Metropolitan Opera in its new house

Going to the Metropolitan Opera, that's the plunge this season. The evening starts with a visual swat: the approach across the plaza of Lincoln Center where the circle of fountains surges, with the New York State Theater lighted on one side and the Philharmonic on the other. Ahead rise the glassed, shining arches of the opera house, patterned as sharply as cloisonné with the colours of the Chagall murals, and of the Dufy murals higher up in the Top of the Met restaurant. Inside, the procession of men and women in the black, white, and brilliance of evening dress lines the curves of the double grand staircase under the spark-shaped chandeliers. That approach kicks the evening on. By now the sight of it has been flashed around the world, carried by the diplomats, the performers, the musical authorities, the doers and goers who



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NOTEBOOK

refused to miss the Met's jostling, spectacular opening night. (Carried, too, by the press photographers of the world who lined up, fifty or more, on stage to take the audience's picture.) With nine new productions scheduled, this Met season is spattered with "firsts." The kick of going, and seeing, and hearing holds strong. 1. Lincoln Center Plaza and the opera house. 2. Mrs. Ogden Phipps and Miss Leontyne Price. 3. Mrs. Charles Wrightsman in her box. 4. Mr. Alfred Lunt, who directed the new production of *La Traviata;* Mr. Cecil Beaton, who designed the sets and costumes, on stage with third-act scenery. 5. Mr. Rudolf Bing, Mrs. John Barry Ryan, Mr. Raymond Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Joseph W. Alsop. 6. A view of the main lobby. 7. Count Vega del Ren, Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest. 8. Mr. Beni Montresor, who designed the costumes and sets of *La Gioconda;* Miss Margherita Wallman, director of this new production. 9. Mr. Lauder Greenway and Mr. Giovanni Martinelli in the Opera Club Restaurant.



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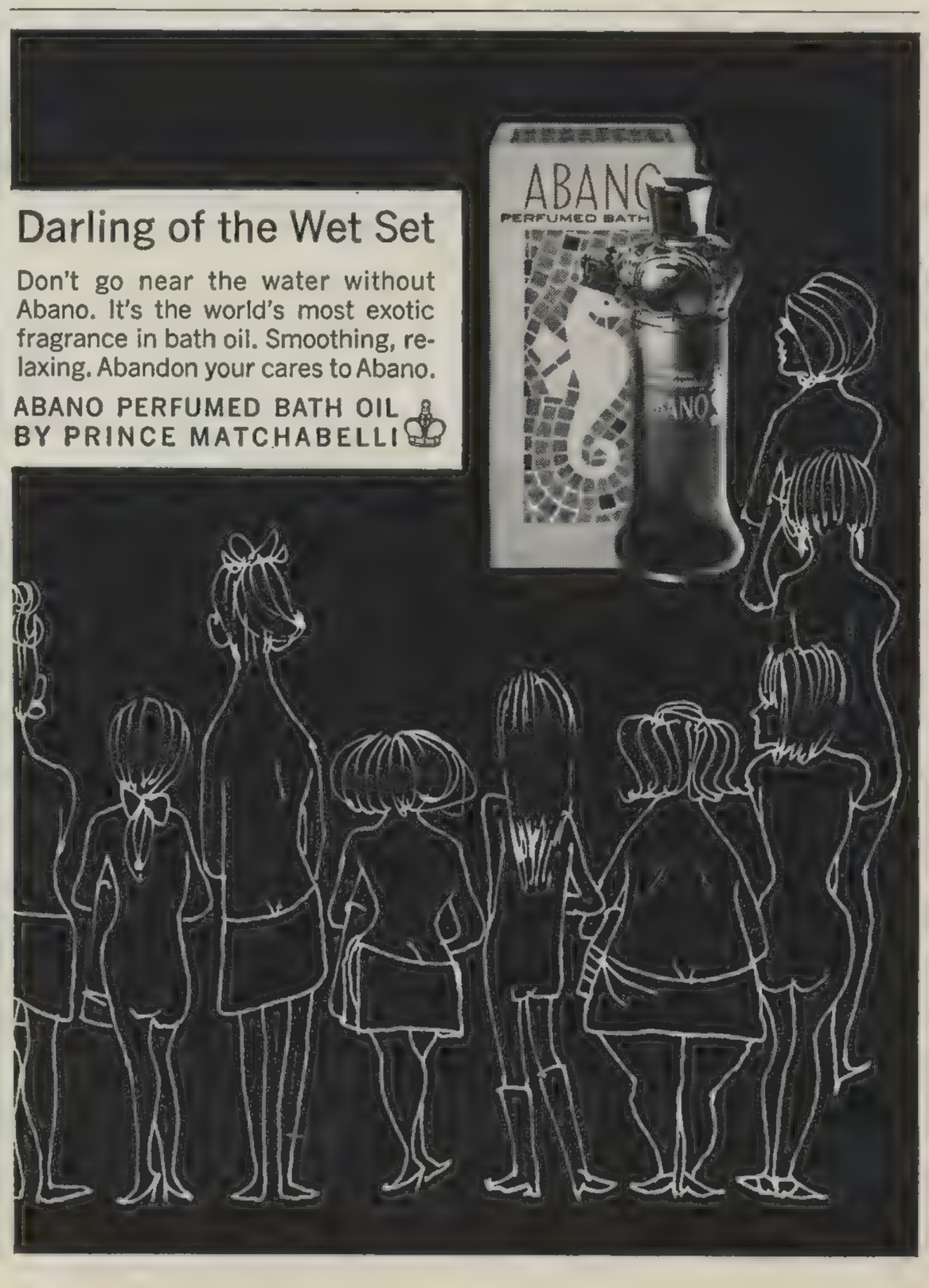
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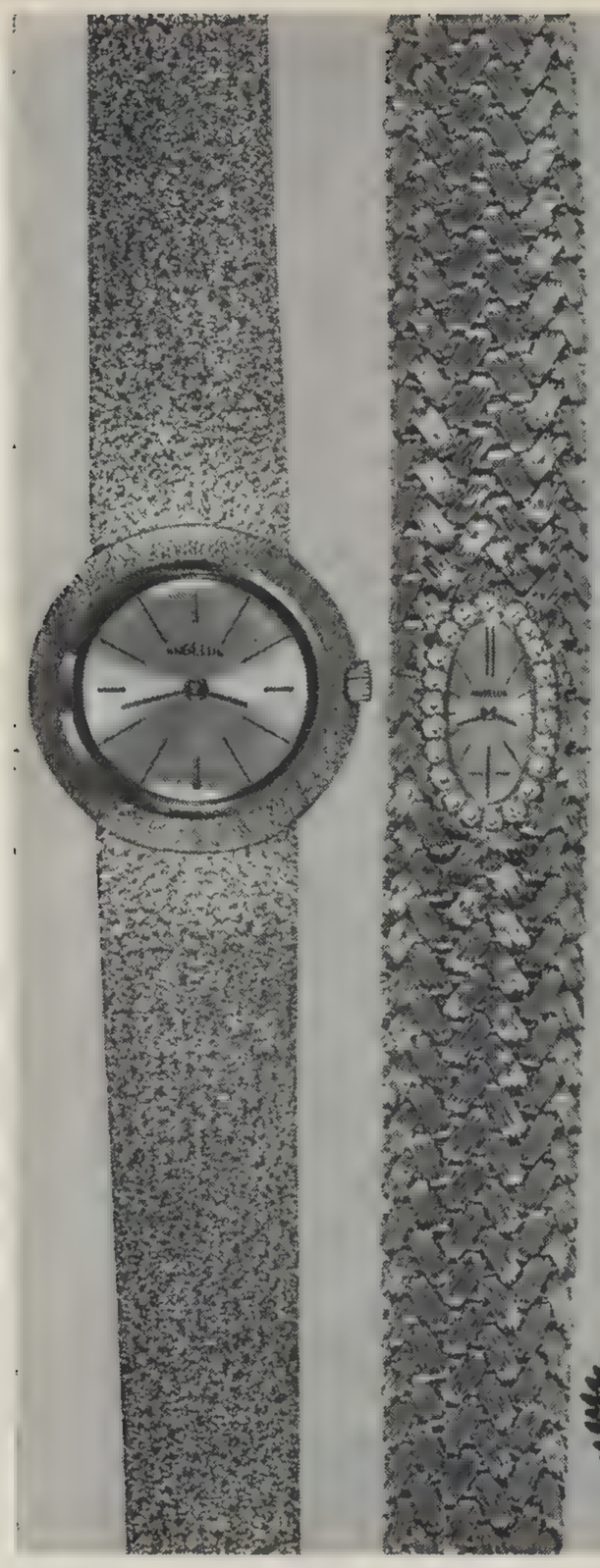
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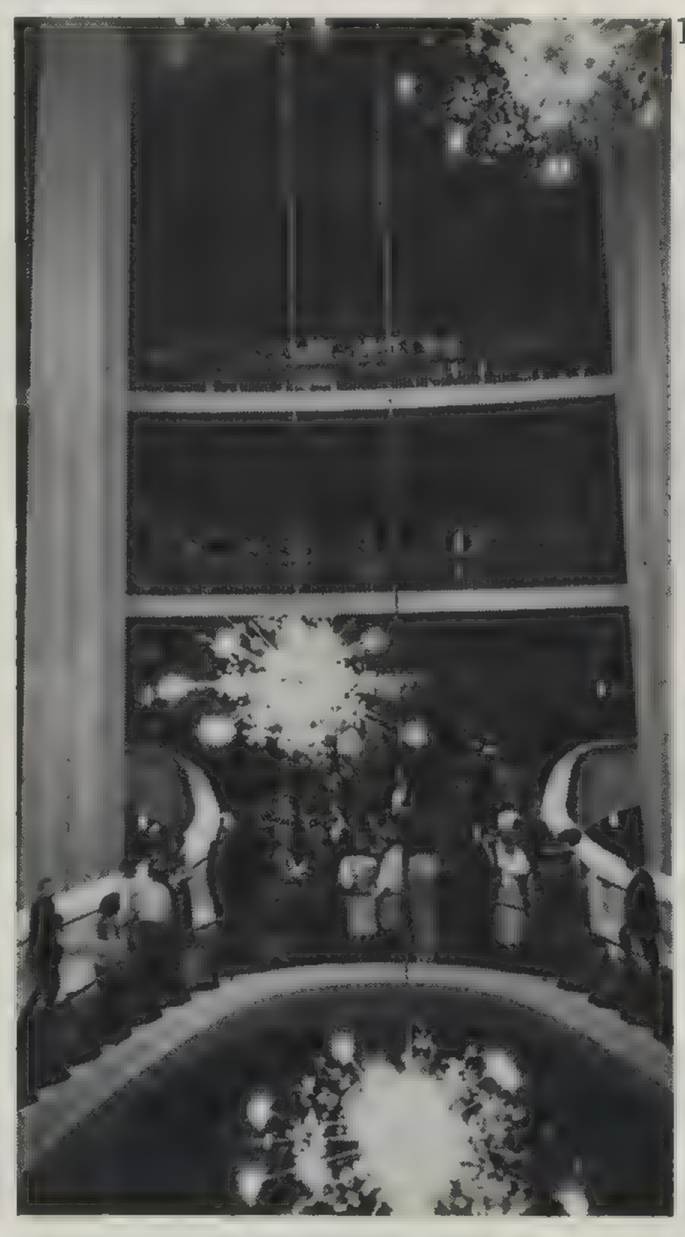
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The Metropolitan Opera in its new house

(Continued from page 97)

1. The glittering Austrian chandeliers above the grand stairway. 2. Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford and Mr. Yves Vidal. 3. Mrs. W. McCormick Blair and the Reverend Laurence J. McGinley. 4. Mrs. Albert D. Lasker and Mr. Henry J. Heinz, II. 5. Mr. and Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III; Senator J. William Fullbright. 6. Mrs. Gilbert W. Chapman, Mr. Derek Hill.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

The Investigation,

"*vicarious experiences of cruelty*"

The Investigation, at the Ambassador, is a heavy-handed examination of the question of German accountability for the crime of genocide. It is the work of Peter Weiss, the author of *Marat/Sade,* the wordy exploration of moral-relativism that Peter Brook so shrewdly turned into a voyeur's picnic and a great commercial success. This time out, however, there is no spectacular screen of high camp between us and Herr Weiss's words. We are treated to a static court scene of deadly monotony in the course of which the cast is called upon to recite extracts from the evidence presented to the judicial investigation into the conduct of the mass murder plant which the Germans had set up at Auschwitz.

The stage is occupied throughout by a kind of wooden honeycomb in whose cells are embedded two rows of accused persons, a third row of witnesses for the defense, and a fourth of witnesses for the prosecution. Out front, where the orchestra pit used to be in the old days, is a fifth row of persons, consisting of a judge and the two attorneys for the defense and the prosecution, who link the audience with the players, and supposedly give the former an illusion of involvement.

As the inaction proceeds, argument seeps in, and we learn, mirabile dictu, that there are no accusers and accused before us, nor criminals and victims. The victims were, it is solemnly proposed, accomplices to the revolting crimes described because they had not, at an earlier stage, revolted against the society which produced the men capable of committing them. When Weiss has proved this point to his satisfaction two enormous doors slide together, sealing up the criminals and their accomplice-victims in the hell of their joint manufacture.

By the end of the performance it is possible to wonder if this playwright, who has moved on from De Sade's world of fantasy to Himmler's world of achievement for his inspiration, is really grappling with the problem of wickedness, or hardening our sensibilities and habituating us to the idea of brutality. It was the philosopher G. E. Moore who made the point that the contemplation of evil is an evil in itself, because it is hardening. Audiences who are trained, as the Japanese kabuki audience is, to get their theatrical kicks from such vicarious experiences of cruelty as Mr. Weiss seems to delight in do seem to develop a toleration for the real thing.

The Killing of Sister George,

"*superbly appalling*"

The Killing of Sister George at the Belasco is by way of being a Trojan horse. Superficially it is just another such a neat, well made, funny, but essentially trivial English farce as George Abbott's *Help Stamp Out Marriage!,* now being neatly played at the Booth. But this one, for all its surface concern with a plot about the elimination of a character from a television serial, is in fact the first play to reach Broadway which deals, without pretenses or evasions of any kind, with an unrelievedly homosexual relationship. All the characters are Lesbians, and Beryl Reid and Eileen Atkins give superbly appalling performances as the members of a dissolving partnership to which Lally Bowers, playing in a rather broader style, gives the coup de grâce. Frank Marcus's play is very funny in its flippant moments and very harrowing and powerful in its serious ones, but it is very, very British between times.

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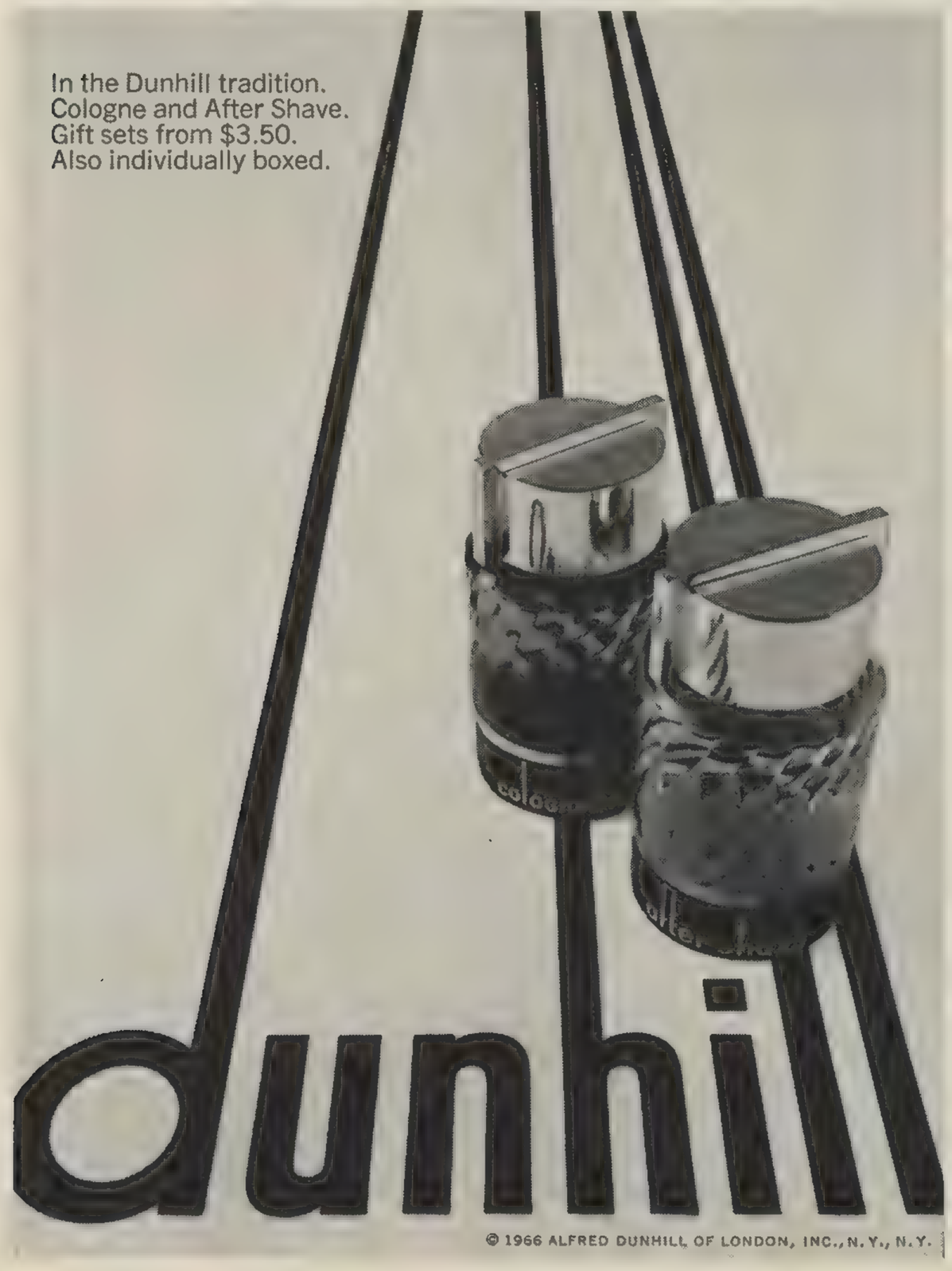


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By MARYA MANNES

10:30 P.M. Summer,

"an intense and murky ride"

The great thing about movies is that you can be completely engrossed by them even though afterthoughts teem with reservations.

The huge faces of good actors in close-up, magnificent shots of strange places, the forms and textures of beautiful bodies, the sheer fluidity of the medium, the emotional reflexes to a fine sound track . . . all these can conspire against basic validity.

Thus, the fascination of this film of Jules Dassin's—and could a cast including Melina Mercouri, Romy Schneider, and Peter Finch fail to provide fascination?—is a real one. It opens over the credit crawl with a marvellous explosion of flamenco clapping: hands and hands in a machine-gun chatter that quickens to a high, pulse-pounding pitch. Follow this with the murder of an adulterous and naked young wife and her lover by her young husband in a small Spanish town black with night and rain, follow this with a car-ful of foreigners—handsome Englishman, Greek wife, small daughter, beautiful young friend—crawling through this same black night in search of shelter, and you're off. Off on an intense and murky ride with three people about whom you know very little and learn even less.

You know that the Englishman, Paul, and his Greek wife, Maria, no longer young, are no longer in love. You know that Paul and seductive Claire are in a sweat of desire. You know that Maria loves her little daughter very much and loves drink too much. But that's it.

The four spend a hardly restful night in the corridor of an overcrowded hotel. The police are hunting the murderer Rodrigo, Paul lusts after Claire, Maria drinks wherever she can find a bottle until, in a passionate identification with the murderer and his crime of honour, she manages to find the hiding Rodrigo, bundle him in her car, and ride through the night to a distant plateau where she leaves him, promising to return.

Even in her various stupors, Maria perceives with every fibre of her being what Paul and Claire are doing. Paul tries to reassure her by protestations of love, but Maria has had it.

Ultimately, this tense little car-ful sets out to find and succour Rodrigo, but that's too late, too: He has killed himself. So the three adults take their shattered psyches to a flamenco night spot, and in the general frenzy lose not only themselves but the unhappy Maria, who has wandered off into the dawn, possibly for good.

Afterthoughts: Who cares? How can you care about people when you don't know them? The wane of married love is not enough itself to make a strong woman a drunkard, or a husband's passion for a younger female of interest; especially when Romy Schneider as Claire is really no person at all, merely an object.

And Melina Mercouri? Heresy: She is over life-size; she overacts; she is, in this film, tiresome.

The element of mystery, of implication without statement, is an important measure of any art. But when the enigma in the riddle is not persuasive, the answer may lie—here—in the director-writer who omits what he hasn't thought through. This is the abdication prevalent in so much contemporary work: The burden of communication is left to the spectator, in payment for whatever excitement he experiences. That he does experience it in this film is, however, undeniable.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By ELIZABETH HARDWICK

La Chamade,

"*the most private of stories*"

The plot of *La Chamade* by Françoise Sagan (E. P. Dutton) is of extreme simplicity. The novel is brief and there are few undertones or overtones. Lucile, thirty, is the mistress of Charles, who is fifty and rich; Antoine, thirty, is the lover of Diane, who is fortyish and rich. Youth without money; middle age, well heeled. Lucile and Antoine fall in love and abandon their partners with whom they had been living; they move in together, in circumstances much reduced materially, but perhaps spiritually and certainly romantically enriched.

Lucile is a charming character, cool, careless, fixed on the present. Coolness is indifferent to many things, but it has its own dimensions, its proper setting, its peculiar insistence. A certain amount of luxury is necessary and this sort of young person can not work, can not have babies, can not accept the cause and effect and the long, muddy flow of bourgeois love. Lucile, living now with Antoine, is miserable having to ride the crowded bus; the little sports car Charles had given her was almost a part of her body. She is not venal or greedy, but she must have a sort of higher idleness: This idle freedom is the most profound expression of her nature.

Lucile's young lover is dismayed by her lack of direction, the long, free stretch of her days. Thinking to help her, he gets Lucile a job; but she can not endure it and gives it up, just as she gives up her baby by an abortion. In spite of all this, her love for Antoine is real and deep, but she must have a setting that will allow her to live. In the end Lucile goes back to Charles, to his protection and kindness, to the luxury that relieves her from monotony and effort.

No moral censure is put upon Lucile. Her directness is admirable; her need for life touching. She is perhaps a new girl, a new generation, and if the book has any special value it lies in the portrait of Lucile. The novel itself is as cool and effortless, as securely free of ambition as the young girl herself. Sagan turns away from anything that might overwhelm her talents.

We are asked to settle for the brilliantly suitable measure of the prose, the calculated narrowness of the incidents. There is a charm in the escape from the raw sensibility of most love novels. And there are losses. There is a flaw in the purity of the novel, just as the tendency to drink too much is the flaw in Lucile's freedom. In the new French films, which *La Chamade* reminds us of, the bony faces, the arrogant silences of the girls give them a reality, a physical presence not really achieved in words. In this novel, everything is all lightness and quickness, a sketch.

The older characters and the little Parisian dinner and theatre parties are quite conventional, hardly rendered at all. Charles is in business; Antoine works for a publisher; Diane lives on the rue Cambon. But they have little environment, a poverty of detail. The title perhaps betrays some anxiety about significance. "La chamade" is "the particular roll of drums by which the inhabitants of a besieged city acknowledge their defeat." This is the most private of stories and nothing connects to the civic fate, to the common destiny. It is a charming blue note, scarcely a drum roll.







VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By KATE LLOYD

Experiment in Sea-gone Magic

A cruise is something you take—or go along with. Taken, it may be good for you. Gone along with, it can be a plunge from the real to the unreal, and wholly reviving. A cruise has an inner rhythm quite separate from the heft and swoop of the sea, a rhythm with elements of magic: the sense of omnipotence, of direction, of an independent force going somewhere.

The effect of this cruise magic is a setting free almost ostentatiously underlined on a ship by its pulling away from the dock so that the last streamers of pink and yellow confetti slide clear like all other ties—to telephones, mail, responsibility, regimen, and discipline.

When the M. S. "Europa" sailed on her maiden voyage from New York around six Caribbean islands and back, the experiment in cruise magic had a certain suspense to it. New ingredients. A new audience. Would the sleight-of-hand come off?

Aboard this peculiarly cosy ship (yards of wood panelling, flotillas of deep, encircling chairs) more than 470 passengers and a staff of 410 confronted each other, every one of them wondering Why. The "Europa" had been for twelve years the Swedish liner, "Kungsholm," now bought by North German Lloyd and lightly disguised as a cruise ship. She was new to this rôle and new to these Caribbean waters.

Of the passengers a good number were cruise collectors, chalking up ships and islands like points in a competitive sport. They expected something. Most of the passengers, possibly, were there to be shown: Why cruise?

A Caribbean cruise divides itself into three sections: the trip down, the island hopping, the trip back. The trip down, those first four days at sea, decide everything. Has the ship atmosphere, service, imagination, comfort? What the "Europa" had at first was trouble. Massive seas, high winds, a competition of elements driving one layer of sea water backwards over the surface of the waves like green suds spilling down a tilted marble floor.

Passengers sickened. One of the air-conditioner condensers went out. Some cabins had only hot water, others only cold. Certain parts of the wiring were still defective (North German Lloyd had had only three months to recondition the ship). In at least one cabin a fine shower of water streamed from the ventilator like a shimmering bead curtain across the hallway.

In his inside office, decorated with fishnet floats and cartoons of West German leaders, the Intendant went onto a nonstop dosage pattern of tranquillizers and sleeping pills. His job was a new one to German ships. A former Chief Purser who had just finished a year on shore at a large hotel, the Intendant was, in effect, the maître d'hôtel for the "Europa," responsible for the orderly running of the passengers' lives down to the ordering of 20,000 more fluted petits fours cups to be waiting in New York.

At the start passengers' complaints poured like the seas over the ship's bows. The kitchen, designed for two sittings, proved too small for the elaborate one-sitting cruise meals. The kitchen was in fact a series of kitchens opening like small shops fronted with stainless steel counters on a narrow corridor tiled in black and white which looped around a centre core of stairwells and elevators leading to the stores below. During mealtimes this narrow corridor was as hot and passionately crowded as a souk.

Many of the young German stewards, putting up a superb bluff of English, ran amok with orders. One man who ordered ham and eggs was confidently served haddock. Another, who ordered one dry Martini, got three; what else would *drei* mean?

On the first day fit for deck chairs, swimming pool, and the

accoutrements of the cruise brochure, the Captain announced that the first scheduled island would be foregone because of the delay caused by weather. Could mutiny be far behind? . . .

Any ship has about it something of the prep school, or the summer camp. Tanker, freighter, passenger liner, all are equally removed from everyday living. Rules, hierarchies, team spirit matter. Old-school-tie-ism blooms.

On the "Europa" the staff must have gone into a state of mind similar to that of The New York Giants if Gogolak were to miss a kick and only a mass rallying could save the day. The officers, questioned, denied there was any special spirit mobilizing the crew, but the passengers felt it and revived.

What might have been a mess became a joy. In the dignified white dining room, with its gold-and-grey striped velvet chairs and carnations that lifted and slumped on their stems with each roll of the ship as if they were breathing deeply, the young, narrow stewards began to scamper through the jam-up of the kitchen as though producing the right food fast was a goal worth winning.

Hands down, the fastest steward was Horst Froehlich ("Mr. Happy," he once introduced himself to a tableful of known complainers), the Captain's cheerful, savvy, nineteen-year-old steward, who had come with his Captain, Carl-Otto Efferoth, from the "Berlin." Possibly Horst alone could produce a four-minute egg, cooked four minutes, in one minute.

Where he led, the field was close behind him. Stewardesses bringing breakfasts to beds giggled cheerfully over extra demands. Night stewards ran down companionways to beat passengers to their doors and unlock them. Cabin stewards coped, unbidden, with laundry. The crew worked eighteen to twenty hours a day making mechanical amends.

The cruise director, a splendid dancer whose only bad habit was calling people "folks," appeared each evening in a more vivid dinner jacket to cajole and boost with growing success his wilted charges. A pretty and startlingly humane young woman, the cruise hostess smoothed and shuffled her packs of card-players. Once, when a passenger surveying other passengers whom the hostess had under her wing murmured to her, "If I were Evelyn Waugh I could really get my teeth into this group," she turned mildly and said, "But, they each think exactly the same thing." She had the grace not to add out loud, "About you."

Up crest and down trough, the music of two bands never flagged. Good champagne cocktails cost sixty cents, the German draught beer was excellent. The food, especially the veal, grilled quite rare like the most delicate and tender steak, was above reproach; the menus, inventive. Cigarettes were fifteen cents a pack, and in the hold waited 80,000 bottles of wine and 30,000 of spirits. This was, after all, a maiden voyage. Gradually, the rhythm of this cruise became one of mild mutual admiration, and gang amusement.

By the time Captain Efferoth came off his bridge (his welcoming party had been postponed from the second to the third night for meteorological reasons) the seas had taken on that deepwater, calm blue, correctly named ultramarine, which is exactly the shade of the blue rim on white enamel cooking pots.

In his wheelhouse, rather magnificently carpeted in crimson from wall to wall, with its twin radars, each curtained like a doge's throne to make daytime viewing easier, the Captain had weathered the weather. On his first dinner in the dining room it is likely that he thought the passengers might be more difficult to face than the winds.

However he felt, he came on strong. Half-French, half-German by birth, with an almost Italian dart of tongue and gesture, he is a slender dark man with a face drawn in deep, amusing lines, a sense of humour, a knack for gallant formality, and no pomp. He knows food and wine, catches American slang and humour, and dances well, although he shudders at the memory of being forced, as a young officer, to dance with lady passengers.

Captain Efferoth invites guests (Continued on page 104)



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Wilhelmina relaxes in the Dorothy Draper BarcaLounger. Available at all fine stores.

Sea-gone magic

(Continued from page 103)

rarely to his small office, panelled in dark polished wood with, standing in corners, wood carvings from the Far East which he loves. On one wall hangs a photograph of the sailing ship on which he trained, a photograph signed and given to him by his first captain when Captain Efferoth took his first command.

The cabin is too small for entertaining, but not for work. Here he badgers, prods, and pronounces, jabbing away at the telephones, the lists, the charts, the inevitable problems of a shakedown cruise. He is a precisionist. Some of his crew call him Crazy Otto, but all the crew know he is a good captain.

Without question, behind the crew's saving spirit and buoyancy stood the Captain, and from him, by sweat and pride, somehow the cruise magic spread. By the time the "Europa" reached her second island port, the Captain must have known that this first-time experiment was taking. The port was Guadeloupe, and in honour of it, he greeted everyone ebulliently in French.

The cruise settled into its second phase: an island a day. Debark at nine or ten every morning for six mornings. Return each evening at five-thirty to dinner and playtime—Ladies' Night, Pirate Night, Bavarian Night—on ship.

To persistent sightseers the schedule was exhausting. The blaze of sun. The pound of steel bands. Miles of sugar cane, bananas, beaches, shell necklaces, perfume counters, and outdoor buffets. The sea, always a child's idea of blue. The mountains, always a child's idea of up and down—no one else would draw such improbable verticals.

And in each harbour, on each of six days, the "Europa": buff stack, white superstructure, black hull, a strip of red showing at the waterline, looking like a somewhat out-of-proportion sticker slapped on a postcard.

She had become a fond image of cool showers, and clean shirts, and the promise of a fresh *Deckenbezug*. These *Deckenbezüge* are the slipcases the Germans pull over blankets to serve at once as sheet and blanket cover. On the "Europa" they were new, crisp white damask, as lustrous as banquet cloths and smelling of sun and fresh laundry.

To the passengers of the "Europa," it was no longer the ship that rolled, it was the land, and the third, return phase of the cruise slid by like otters on ice. The weather on the way back to New York was smooth, uneventful. Pipes, wires, air conditioners all worked now. A couple of revolving, communal poker games persevered in the Atlantic Lounge. Amiable contests were organized, won, and forgotten.

The variety show was given a second time, and again the magician produced for an audience, again amazed, the live ocelot everyone had grown used to seeing sniffing the wind on the highest deck. Too late now on either side to win or lose this cruise game. Either the passengers were with it or they were not.

On the night of the Captain's Dinner, a seven-course extravaganza ending with a snake of stewards each carrying a large letter, E-U-R-O-P-A, made of ice, someone in the dining room started singing. It was unplanned, but it spread quickly. The whole roomful of people simply, loudly sang to the Captain the old corny corker, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

It seemed a normal enough thing to do, but it had never happened to Captain Efferoth before, nor had the cruise-hardened guests at his table heard of such a thing. When the subsequent three cheers died away, small groups of people stopped at the Captain's table to thank him for a happy trip as naturally as good-mannered guests leaving a birthday party.

To Captain Efferoth, at the end of this tense, intricate voyage, after days spent less with his passengers than in the isolation of hard work, it was like receiving a medal. Or perhaps the cruise magic had gotten him, too.

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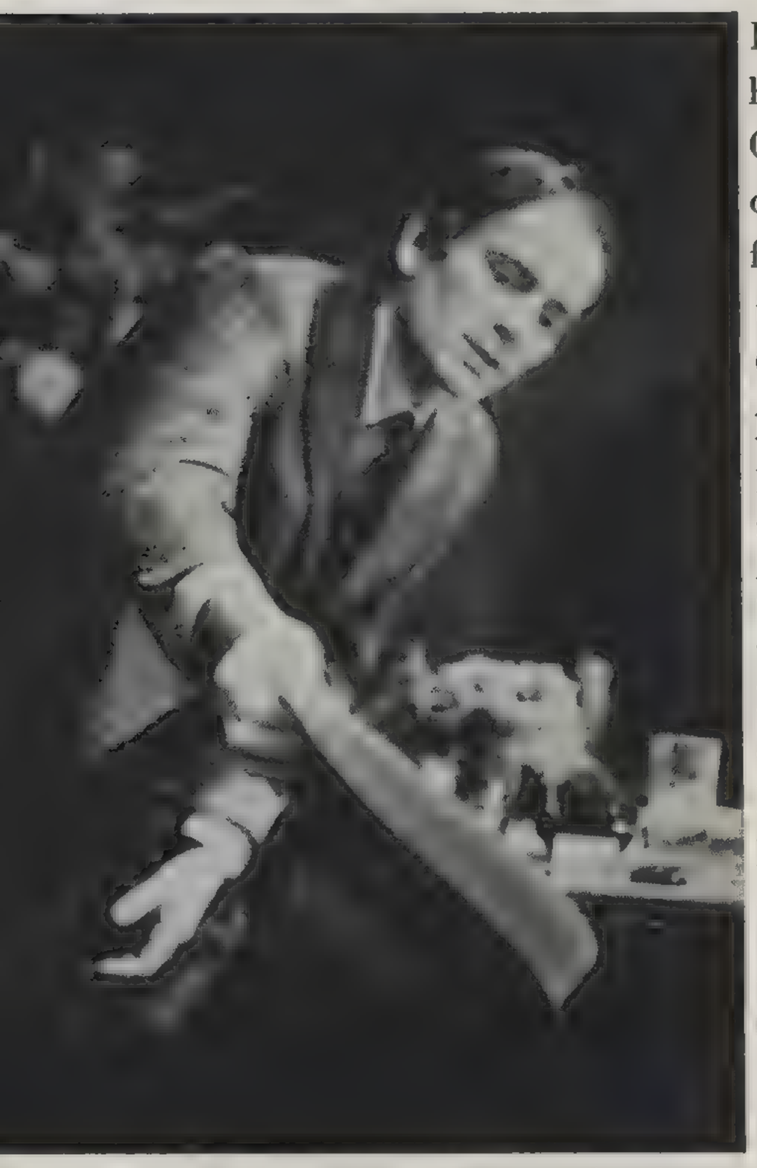
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GLYCINE

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

New York: Cardin, who started the Paris revolution, starts on America.



Pierre Cardin, left, is the man who turned his hand to designing men's clothes in 1961. . . . In 1966 he has: the biggest men's-wear store in Paris—three floors of custom order and ready to wear; 400 Cardin pour hommes boutiques around the world, selling 200,000 suits a year; an annual volume of six million dollars. . . . Now there is a boutique for Cardin clothes in New York at Bonwit Teller for Cardin ties, evening shirts, jackets, sweaters, hats, raincoats and country suits, blazers, and trousers. All in the style that Cardin describes as "sexy . . . plus élégant que kicky . . . very young . . . the shape picks a man up and gives him height and youth . . . I am 43, in a boxy American suit I would look ten years older." What he's talking about is a lean, neo-romantic look seen at right in details from his custom-order and ready-to-wear collections. . . . 1. Suit jacket is long, shaped close to chest, cut high under the arms, flared like a riding jacket, with high inverted pleats rather than vents, absolutely no padding in the shoulders. 2. Evening shirt with zipper closing hidden by neat, pleated placket. 3. Wine-red glove-leather jacket, narrow bands of taupe and bottle-green suède flanking industrial zipper closing. 4. Narrow brim hat in shaggy velours. 5. High double-breasted suit, wide scarf silk tie knotted slim, high collar pastel shirt, pocket foulard keyed to tie. (Custom suits such as this and 1. are about $400 in Paris at Pierre Cardin, rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré.) 6. Trousers cut straight to the knee, then very slightly flared, canted lower in back for a long, straight effect. 7. Cardin version of the action back in a country suit . . . designed, says Cardin, for "the man of tomorrow—modern, dynamic."







JACK ROBINSON

Now Cardin's "Man of Tomorrow" is the American man today, thanks to Bonwit Teller's new Cardin men's shop on the first floor of the Fifth Avenue store—probably the best-looking men's shop in town, and a replica of Cardin's Paris boutique: green felt walls, black leather and gilt, velvet and leather, antique globe lamps, flowered rug, potted palms and parquet—everything but cigars and brandy to evoke a Proustian library. Far left, the shop, Mme. Hervé Alphand, directrice of Cardin in Paris, Mr. Dan Zarem of Bonwit's. The clothes include the short double-breasted tobacco-coloured suède jacket (with belt and epaulets), at $200, worn, left, by M. André Oliver of Cardin; the leather jacket above (3) at $175, the velours hat (4) at $40. That hat, by the way, is going to be as familiar a shape as the Empire State Building judging from sales the shop's opening week. One man walked out of Bonwit's Cardin shop after ordering jackets, trousers, raincoat, sweaters, shirts and ties, and the hat to be shipped to him in Virginia. . . . On second thought . . . he couldn't wait to wear the hat . . . walked out with it on his head. Other men were busy grabbing up the clothes in the shop as if they were free. It is obvious New York has been waiting eagerly for M. Cardin to hit town. . . .

THE COUTURE JERSEYS
a new eminence of Dacron®.

B. H. WRAGGE's status shape: one length of snow jersey, looking like two. A gently-bred top grazes a gathery little skirt in the famous Wragge vernacular of civilized ease. The supernal new seasonless jersey owes its enviable composure to "Dacron"—70% Dacron® polyester, with 30% worsted wool. Scarved in color, it's $120. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Rich's, Atlanta; Hudson's, Detroit; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. Additional store listings, page 204. Hat by Adolfo. David Webb jewelry. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.



AVEDON



TEAL TRAINA's pure cut of dress, nothing but marvelous. New deep sleeving, lifted line, and the kind of whippet elegance that might winter anywhere in the new international climate of jersey. Jersey that's acquired freshness and demeanor with "Dacron". In white-for-the-resorts, and a covey of colors. 70% "Dacron" polyester, 30% worsted wool. $125. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Montaldo's, all stores; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Burdine's, Miami; Hudson's, Detroit; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. Additional store listings, page 204. Hat by Adolfo. David Webb jewelry. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.

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DU PONT

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Che

THE COUTURE JERSEYS: a new eminence of Dacron®.

DONALD BROOKS' blazonings of navy and white, on what may well be the world's most visibly attractive suit. One of the prodigious new print forms now conspicuously in the news, the jersey is given its vibrance and momentum by "Dacron"—70% Dacron® polyester, with 30% worsted wool. The outfit, bloused in navy jersey, with a lizard belt, $325. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Burdine's, Miami; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Hudson's, Detroit; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston. Additional store listings, page 204. Hat by Archie Eason for Donald Brooks. David Webb jewelry. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.

AVEDON



JACQUES TIFFEAU of TIFFEAU & BUSCH. A flicky little laze of a dress in a crash of color: saffron yellow, just glowing off to the resorts. Barely pausing to mark The Return of the Belt. It's a new couture jersey of irrepressible aplomb: 70% "Dacron" polyester, 30% worsted wool. In ginger, as well. $160. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Hudson's, Detroit; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. Additional store listings, page 204. Hat by Adolfo. David Webb jewelry. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.

His HICKEY-FREEMAN sport coat and coordinated slacks, impeccably tailored, lightweight and invincibly neat, in 55% "Dacron", 45% worsted wool. At fine stores everywhere.

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Germaine Monteil

NOVEMBER 15, 1966

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: WHAT ENTERTAINS *a man entertains* A WOMAN

And what entertains a woman is entertaining a man. The trick, then, before this falls into a Gertrude Stein infinity, is to get the right men and women running around the same track. The race is the thing.

First, shuffle out the shufflers, the men who fall apart at a patent purr or a deliberate eyelash. No fun there; action as tried and obvious as riverboat melodrama belongs to the lacquered pussycats who make money by purring. Easy marks bore women. So do the lumps who have for years carted their matched sets of manners around country clubs, putting them down only to drink.

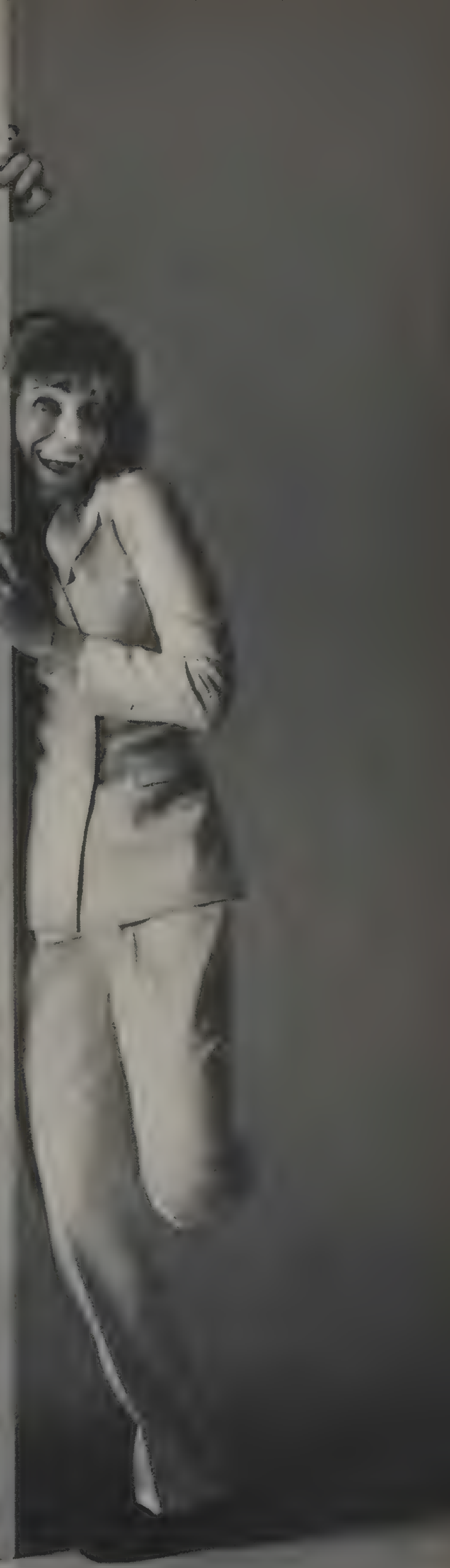
What *does* entertain women are men they can't quite get at.

"All men," said Sonny, whose wife is Chér and whose songs are hits, "must have at least one physically challenging thing in their lives. For me it's motorcycles. I have three. I like to try to climb impossible hills on them, do the challenging things." That does it. Men who seemed tidily shelved, and then go off where women can't follow. Fascinating. As long as the nerve-vine registers that they will return.

"Hunting gives me a sense of freedom," George Peppard, one of the more tempting young actors and the husband of Elizabeth Ashley, said. "So do fishing and flying....But, aside from the joy of getting away from other people, I prefer babe-watching." Very entertaining to get ready for.

Peppard again: "It's endlessly fascinating just to see a woman sit down in a chair. She (Continued on page 198)

Right: Melina Mercouri—in America now for the Broadway musical of her zesty movie, *Never on Sunday*—wears one of the pants tailleurs Cardin made especially for her. She had one last winter, loved it not just because the pants suit is sexy—"it makes sense." This year she ordered three—the creamy whipcord shown here, an olive green tweed to wear with a marvellous orange shirt, and the velvet smoking on the next page.



BERT STERN

Entertaining in a pants tailleur: Melina Mercouri with her poodle, Hi

Melina. Mercouri –

WHAT ENTERTAINS A WOMAN
WHO IS ALL WOMAN



She loves politics. She loves an argument....Naturally! She's Greek, and like most Greeks, she loves a good time. ..."I like to eat—Greek food. I like coffee—Greek coffee. And I love to swim—there is nowhere where the sea is like it is in Greece."...For three months recently Melina Mercouri and her husband, Jules Dassin, the movie writer and director, lived on the island of Spétsai, working on script, music, and ideas for the upcoming Broadway musical, *Illya, Darling*, based on their famously euphoric film, *Never on Sunday;* playing *tavli*, a complicated Greek variant of backgammon—"we kill each other, Julie and I, when we play," says Mercouri with enamouring zest; and sometimes going to bouzoukia places. "I adore bouzoukia, but you must go with the right people and they must drink a little...you know, many people thought bouzoukia was the *catastrophe* of Greek music...they thought it was low, dir-r-ty, played by killers, but during the Occupation, they played the songs of liberty. It was a fight to have them appreciated....I *adore* bouzoukia, and when you go with the right people you become crazy." The generous, joyful grin that goes with this means, one gathers, "like crazy, Man, crazy."...In Greece, in Paris, in New York, there are the movies: "I can go three times a day, and I can't leave even if it's a bore." ...People? "Writers, they interest me most. Painters, musicians, composers... With them I am a bobby-soxer. I can accept even that they are boring sometimes....I am not *mondaine.* I never have been. I work very hard to permit myself to see the people I like." A long pause. A cigarette. And with intense inner laughter, "And then there is the secret life of a woman...." This became almost a bouzoukia echo, insistent but half forgotten, until much later, Melina Mercouri said, "You ask what amuses me most, and I will say what amuses me—what even *amuses* me—is to be in love. If I am not in love, I am not interested in anything."

Left: Melina Mercouri in her black velvet "smoking" by Cardin; shirt pinned with a cocarde of old diamonds —"better than the scarf and stud, no?"

Someone moves out of the crowd... drifty after dinner, talking against the music... and just starts dancing. Others melt into the motion. Now it can begin. The party has a central nervous system. It circles around the dancers: they are the Controls. The quickest one to dance has gleaned or to dream is something small and valuable... one of the great new chiffon dresses that make women feel more female and men feel more like dancing with them. It could be a single fish of crystal beads. Or a mere wisp moulded out with feathers. Or a pulse of pure colour. And someone—maybe the party-giver—is frugging, monkeying around, shimmying over the floor in a jungle cat's pyjamas. For the Watchers, the doors of perception are opening. Now the Controls slide out into the night, some couples quickly slip over to Arthur... others dip into down stairs at Yellowfinger's—the women dressed to go whenever the mood of the men leads, golden enough for Maxim's, hot-cat enough for The Bird where fat cat dressing is the fabled beat. Will they choose the Four Caseys here or the Second or press into the press at Cheetah... take in Trude Heller's or listen at The Living Room before going to the Big Party that starts late?

LITTLENESS. far right: Infinite riches in a small room. A trillion bugle beads embroidered on white net caboche over a body stocking here but—another night—might shimmer over its own palest pink under-dress. Made to order at Arnold Scaasi. Apex Art bracelet. Schreiner earrings. Bernardo sandals.

Right: A silver-haltered morsel of white net drenched in crystals and jewels and poured over pink. By Mollie Parnis. Emily Wetherby ostrich boa. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Joseph Warner earrings. Silver slippers from I. Miller Galleria, worn with silver stockings by Phoenix.

AVEDON

FLIRTATION

RUN...DON'T WALK

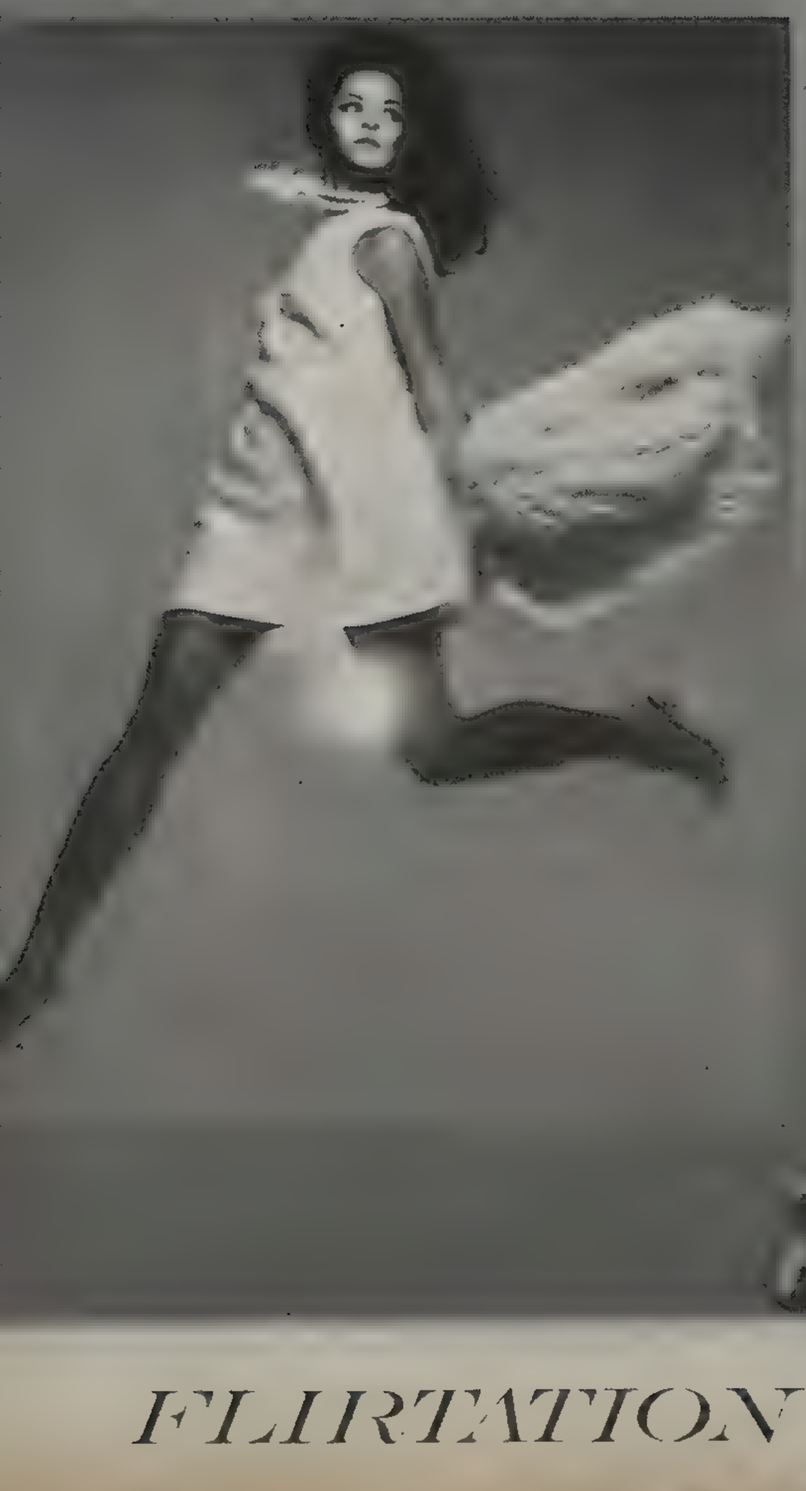
What tells the eye that a pair of dancing legs is impossibly great? A tiny dress with a great flurry of roundness. that's what, that's why the tutu forever and ever. *Right:* A tremble of net, silver-crossed with paillettes, and a turmoil of ostrich fronds dipped at the back. By Harold Levine of Mylar and Du Pont nylon. About $250. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joske's Houston. Schreiner earrings. Halston headdress, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. *Far right:* Snow-white silk crêpe rounds into ruffles and ruffles of ostrich puffs, tied with a bow to amuse the eye. By Geoffrey Beene. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings: Stanley Hagler at DeMario. Ostrich coat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman's Boutique. Both pages: Shoes. I. Miller Galleria; Phoenix silver stockings.

AVEDON


FLIRTATION RUN... DONT WALK

AVEDON

The best colours come in small panaches. *Left:* Saffron-yellow silk and worsted - waist Regency, neckline plunging up and out into a Brummelish collar. Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, William Rose fabric. About $90. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Mimi di N earrings. *Below:* Three pearly tiers swaying from a jewelled neckline. By Pat Sandler of William Rose silk and worsted. About $100. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer. Marvella necklace. *Right:* A one-shoulder throb of pinkness. By Malcolm Starr, Onondaga silk crêpe. About $110. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joseph Magnin. Regina earrings. Pink-feather shoulder bag: Bergdorf Goodman Boutique. All shoes: I. Miller Galleria; Phoenix stockings.



FLIRTATION RUN... DONT WALK



Wherever the special short evening dress flashes —there will be, too, the black-panther flash of jungle cat's pyjamas, swaying to the music, instinctive to the atmosphere. These brilliances from the imagination of George Halley, a new exhilaration in fashion—pyjamas cut with great clarity of line and an eye for the true hang of the cloth. *Right:* Over black jersey trousers, dead straight and wide-ish, a glorious little jibba, sleeves and shoulders in one, the sleeves banded in gold, the shoulders and neck crazy with gold embroidery. In Racine wool jersey. Apex Art earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Turnout, also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Black matelassé slippers: Caressa. *Left:* The same authentically great cut of trousers with the kick of all the black sequins on earth sewed on thickly —two long gleams and a white organdie shirt with ardent ruffles everywhere. Jack Gilbert earrings. Both: Bonwit Teller. Turnout: I. Magnin; Nan Duskin. Evins shoes. Coiffures, these eight pages: Ara Gallant. Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

FLIRTATION RUN... DON'T WALK

AVEDON





LOOKS MEN LIKE *at home*

What do men like at dinner? Skip Escoffier and Brillat Savarin. On to these and the next four pages. The answers you want are all here. Where there's smoky matelassé, opposite—there's the prettiest way imaginable to sweep into one's own dining room or curl up by the chimney's roar—the robe billows out from a bowknot just beneath the bosom. By Stella; Staron silk. Made to order at I. Magnin. Robert Originals earrings. Fabiola rings. Sandals, to order: I. Miller. Whirligig striped pyjamas—more man-power to them, above: Voluminous whirls of peppermint silk moving in the most delectable circles—and outcircling everyone else. Dinner pyjamas made to order at Arnold Scaasi, in Staron fabric. Michael Hic bracelets, at Henri Bendel. Earrings by Misty Washington, at Lord & Taylor. Bernardo sandals. Coiffures men like, both pages: Suga of Kenneth.

THE ART: *On these six pages, a striking group of contemporary paintings and sculpture photographed at the Sidney Janis Gallery. Left, Vasarely's "Onix 2," 1966, in foreground; "Minta," 1966, in the background; above, one of Marisol's constantly witty sculptures, "Untitled," 1965-66.*

HORST

LOOKS MEN LIKE AT HOME— A LITTLE MINK, A LITTLE SILVER

The girl of the silver West... East, North, South, this page—a lithe, leggy lollapaloo ranging around at home in silvered stretch jeans and shirt, and the softest little cowboy boots to match. Lynn Stuart turnout, of acetate, cotton, Mylar, and Lycra (Rayflex fabric); about $60. Bracelets by Jack Gilbert. Hair tie by Les Bernard. All: Altman's. Turnout also: Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Silver cowboy boots by Colo. A man's idea of a wonderful sport, right—the player in the white mink tennis dress, with legs like a maharani's in crushed silk tights striped to the toes... great form for the games people play at home. The dress—tiny bodice and a frisk of pleats zipped together at the waist—of "Jasmine," Emba white mink. Gunther Jaeckel furs at Bonwit Teller. Schreiner earrings and Charles Elkaim's cluster of small rings, at Bonwit Teller. Large ring by Hattie Carnegie. The coiffures on both pages: Suga at Kenneth.

HORST

THE ART: *Left, Vasarely's "Zetkék," 1966—a recent painting by one of the founders of Op.... Right, George Segal's lonely plaster "Walking Man" waits at an elevator—a 1966 work. Both, at the Sidney Janis Gallery.*



LOOKS MEN LIKE AT HOME—
PYJAMAS GOING DUTCH, GOING ROMAN

A man's idea of going Dutch, above: Great splurge of amethyst colour—jewelled on a short wide satin top, cut flat and full as Hans Brinker's on long wide satin pants. Dinner pyjamas by Dominic for Matty Talmack, in Abraham double-faced silk. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Lilija earrings, at Altman's. Fabiola rings. Sandals by Bernardo.

A man's idea of Rome away from Rome, opposite: Galanos's straight wide-leg pyjamas—circled by vivid Roman stripes, squared by a blaze of shimmering stones. Dinner pyjamas by Galanos, in Racine wool jersey. Michael Hic jewellery. All, Bergdorf Goodman. Pyjamas, also Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Dal Cò. sandals. Coiffures: Suga of Kenneth.

THE ART: *Two recent paintings by one of the most daring exponents of Pop Art—Tom Wesselmann's "Mouth #7," 1966, left, and "Seascape #5," 1965, right. Both, at the Sidney Janis Gallery.*

HORST





LOOKS MEN LIKE AT HOME— COSTUMES AND SETTINGS BY NORELL

Norell all the way—two mermaid shimmers of silvery paillettes photographed in the drawing room of his New York apartment—an enchanting mix of clear, intense colours, of eighteenth-century French and Chinoiserie pieces, of "print on print on print." Glowing in the background, left, is Mr. Norell's magnificent twelve-panel Coromandel screen. Silver-pailletted dress, left: mandarin-collared, long-sleeved, marvellously seductive . . . a long, smooth waterfall of silver paillettes on white silk jersey. Earrings and ring, by Schreiner, and dress, all at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Silvery pyjamas, opposite: a long-sleeved pullover and straight pants . . . both of pale-blue crêpe, embroidered solidly with silver paillettes. Also seen here: an eighteenth-century Chinoiserie panel; a lamp by the sculptor, Giacometti; an English Chippendale mirror. Earrings by Schreiner, and pyjamas, both at Bonwit Teller. Pyjamas at Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Both pages: satin evening pumps by Belgian shoes. Coiffures by Suga of Kenneth. Mr. Norell's apartment (here, in its summer "country-house" dress) was decorated by Irene Walker.

HORST



You know this girl: Chér, as in Sonny and Chér—the Burtons of pop, the teeny-boppers' Lunt and Fontanne. Gold records. Sell-out concerts. TV. Movies—*Good Times* coming....Chér of the Cherokee mane and the darkly blazing eye.... Chér of the boots and bell-bottoms; the girl with a single dress to her name—a black one, made for a Papal audience....You know the girl, all right, but, like this? Never! This is rare Chér: Sonny-less and sun-dressed to the nines in the best of all possible fashion—knits for the sun...knits for the noon...for the whole wide wonderful world. Tilt, right: The knit with an asymmetric hem—white jersey slashed in brown, tilted in favour of the lithe and long-legged. By Teal Traina; Jasco jersey of Dacron and worsted; about $160. Napier earrings. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne; Gidding-Jenny; Montaldo's. Smith St. Jacques bracelets at Henri Bendel. Bernardo gold thong sandals.

AVEDON

CHÉR

SANS SONNY— A
SOLO FLIP IN THE
NEW RESORT KNITS



CHÉR

Square-tipped fingernails and the profile of a young Cleopatra—the twenty-year-old Nile-queen of rock, at left, a girl who knows how to flesh fantasy into full-tilt fascination....There are the geometric fingernails, first of all. And the geometric hair—a straight, thick, shining black banner, smooth as a seal's coat over the small, perfect oval head, triangled at the finish line; the point resting seductively in the curve of her back....There are the blunt little cat's-whisker side-burns, and the dark droop of bangs in which she cuts two circumflexes—the better to see those burning-coal eyes with their extravagant freight of lashes and liners and shadows, impeccably applied, often without a mirror...she knows her looks that well. Knows how to use them. Does.



WHITEST WHITE JERSEY,
COWLED FOR DAY

SONNY TALKS ABOUT CHÉR

Picture a good Italian boy, smarter than he may seem at first sharper, shrewder than he appears; ask him about women, about beauty, about his wife. Picture Sonny Bono.

"Women are the nicest animals on earth," he said. "They represent beauty and gentleness. A woman has more emotion than a man, I think, and more facets: Chér's not just *one* girl. She can be strong, determined; she can be a sophisticated woman or a little girl, she can be gay and bouncy, and she can be a young lady. And I like that. Sometimes you enjoy one person, another time another one; sometimes maybe you're not in the mood—she's playful and I get exasperated—but I like the whole complex of her. I *like* her as a lot of people, a lot of things. Just one person, one thing, all the time—that could be boring.

"I'd describe Chér as a beauty because she's not perfect. I don't like beauty in the form of perfection. Whenever you see something too perfect, it takes on an aura of falseness and coldness—for me. I think it's *natural* to have something not perfect. It's unnatural to be perfect. The fashion model look doesn't appeal to me—it's not real, it's unrelaxed—so you reject it because you feel it's out of your element. People go to real things because they can relate to them. A lot of the most famous stars weren't perfect looking at all—like Bogart or Gable—and I think women find men attractive who aren't perfect. The great looking stars for me are Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot, Harlow, Lauren Bacall—she has that little

(Continued on next page)

she's been called the smallest tall girl in the world rounded, and very, very delicately boned; for figures like Chér's jerseys like these were born. Cowl, left: Wear it high, low, pull it to one side—completely personal sort of knit in the whitest white jersey with armholes cut out at the back. The cowl is biased and the rest of the dress flows straight to the knee-tops in the famously supple jersey manner. By B. H. Wragge; Jasco jersey of Dacron and worsted. About $110. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Smith St. Jacques earrings. Kenneth Lane bracelets. Column, right: Blue-sky blue jersey. And the sky is falling—straight down, slim and smooth. A long dark dress, by Geoffrey Beene. About $160. Bloomingdale's; Halle Bros.; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus Bros. Smith St. Jacques earrings at Henri Bendel. Bernardo ball-heel sandals.

COLUMN OF JERSEY, BLUE-SKY BLUE



SONNY TALKS ABOUT CHER

(Continued) something. Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Crawford—they're not famous for being pretty—but they have some kind of force.

"I learned a lot about this when we were casting our picture, *Good Times:* lots of girls would come in—very pretty—but there'd be nothing there—until it was built. And after a while I realized we were looking for something more than just a pretty girl.

"And I don't like women all made up. I think that's a stupid custom. Some women only look right and act right when they're made up. I like women who don't look like that."

And then the personal question.

"I don't think a woman should be put on a pedestal, no. I don't think a woman *wants* to be. Even if she says she does, she doesn't want to be there. If you put them on it, you destroy the relationship. Every woman wants to be treated like a woman. But to put on the pedestal. So what you'd get is a woman who is just to look at. If you are the dominating force, it gives you a feeling of power.

"And me and Cher, I know she's going to be something great. I still love her, but I thought she was a damn pain in the ass. I'll never get over it, but she would call the whole world and brag it. And I knew that was all I didn't have anything, it wouldn't work. I knew I had to do something to—I couldn't just live with her."

—Peter Bogdanovich

A mail study, a home-style complete dress—because suits worn by a total equal today—Mary Kay Place, dark, in long-sleeved pullover sweater, knee-length skirt, quilted vest, and boots; at Bergdorf Goodman, at Saks Fifth Avenue, Beth Allman's Dress Forward, Burt Sumner, South St. Designs, Brooklyn, New York. Style of navy, cream and rust cotton knit sweater, with matching tights, worn with an asymmetric necklace of beads in shades of navy and cream and pendant, about $225, Linda Taylor, Bobbie Salt Room, Fashion Plaza, Michael Hoffman, Bath Beyond, Hempstead, New York.

ASYMMETRIC KNIT-

PLAIDED STRIPES



ASYMMETRIC JERSEY–
BARBER-POLE STRIPES

CHÉR

A modern girl's idea of the perfect present: Chér in the rakish new Excalibur Roadster given to her by Sonny... wearing everybody's idea of the perfect modern fashion —knits, naturally.

Blouse it, left: Simple—take straight white knit, wide yellow band. Belt it. Blouse it...make an issue of long

WHITE JERSEY—
BANDED AND BLOUSED

racy legs. By Nat Kaplan of double knit wool jersey; about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Wide cuff bracelet by Roger Van S. Golo sandals. Belt it, right: The great white shirtdress—to live in, to relax in, to hold with golden links. By Rona, of Lebanon double wool knit; $45. Best & Co.; Rich's; Bramson; Frost Bros. Earrings by Smith St. Jacques.



AVEDON

WHITE KNIT—THE SHIRTDRESS TAKES A BELT

HARNESSED
WHITE KNIT

CHÉR

A lovely back, pretty arms and legs—that's all these little white knits ask of a girl. Which is what they get here. Harness top, left: It closes on a glittery note at the nape, holds up the briefest piece of bias for evening—A-shaped; armholes all cut away; back cut out in a low oval. A wool mark dress, by Betty Carol for Mam'selle. In junior sizes. About $50. This, at Best & Co., New York; Rich's; Higbee; Frost Bros.

Polo shirt, right: Nothing to it—simply a clean white wool knit polo shirt, extended... but not very. Add suntan only ...and maybe sandals for town. By Kimberly; about $55. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; I. Magnin.

POLO-SHIRT KNIT

CHÉR

Bold, bright, full of sizzle and snap: Chér in the new striped knits and close-upped, centre—square fingernails, black hair framing a profile as strong and as faintly secret as an unsolved hieroglyph. Blouson, above: The stripes go up, the stripes go round—purple, white, and hot pink on a two-piece knit with a blouson top banded at the hip, gathered skirt. Vogue Pattern 6985, Alamac's Orlon jersey. Fly front, far right: No buttons, no collar—a coat with an uncluttered vista of vivid random width stripes in orange, hot pink and white, sealed close with a strip of Velcro. Vogue Pattern 6969, of Alamac's Thal-lined Orlon jersey. Kislav gloves. Both pages: knit fabrics at Stern Brothers. Smith St. Jacques earrings. Golo sandals. Other views and yardages, page 50.

VOGUE PATTERN 6985

AVEDON

VOGUE PATTERN 6969

HEED THE CRIES OF *appetite*

"Talking," I was surprised to read in my newspaper the other morning, "is the key to the most successful dieting." Two doctors at Fort Dix, N. J. —the writer explained—had found that overweight patients who participated in group discussions had lost more weight than patients who took appetite-reducing pills. It makes a change. For years we have been taking the experts' word for it that if we are overweight, it is because we overeat. If we protest that we have a neighbour who eats far more than we do but contrives to stay thin, the invariable reply has been that we are kidding ourselves; we only *think* she eats more. But now, perhaps, there's hope.

I first realized there must be a fallacy in the overweight-overeating equation a few years ago on a family holiday in the South of Italy. We ate deplorable quantities of pasta, notably a succulent *spaghetti alle vongole* made from limpets which we prised off the rocks; yet I came back home seven pounds lighter. A visitor to Italy can not fail to observe that the Italians, for all their fondness for pasta, are not noticeably overweight. Nor are the well-fed residents of Provence, where I went this spring, and where I heard a plump friend of mine, addicted to atrocious puns, enviously describe their slimness as a triumph of mind over batter.

I should not have required these demonstrations. Years before, researching for a book on Ireland, I found that UN statisticians listed my countrymen there as the heaviest eaters—reckoned by the standard measure, calorie-intake—in the world. They live on notoriously fattening foods—bread, butter, bacon, potatoes—and they wash them down with a beverage appropriately called stout. But they aren't.

I took this problem recently to John Yudkin, Professor of Nutrition at the University of London, an international authority on diet, and author of what is probably the most sensible book on the subject, *This Slimming Business*. Yudkin's orthodoxy can be attested by his book's assertion, "overweight comes from overeating," and by his masterly demolition of all the fads, frauds, and gimmicks which have been invented to persuade us to the contrary. But he is careful to define overeating as eating "more than you use up." And this qualification is crucial if we are to understand why the Irish farmer—or that irritatingly slim neighbour—gets away with it when we can't.

For convenience, nutritionists liken the human body to a factory, requiring a supply of fuel to fire its boilers. The fuel intake is automatically regulated by a mechanism in the brain analogous to a thermostat, and christened the "appestat" by a New York researcher, the late Norman Jolliffe. When our bodies require more fuel, the appestat gets the signal, and switches on appetite; when the intake is sufficient for our needs, the appetite is switched off again, and satiety supervenes.

Clearly the appestat is one of evolution's ingenious expedients to assist in the development of species by providing an automatic mechanism to regulate their feeding, and making it progressively more sophisticated as time went on. The appestat's "setting," for example, can be shifted up or down like a thermostat's, according to the needs of the species—high/more appetite/increased consumption in times of activity; low/less appetite/decreased consumption during, for example, hibernation. It can even serve the needs of foresight, by inducing an appetite keener than would ordinarily be required for everyday purposes in order to build up a reserve against a period of fasting—as in camels. And it does not merely signal when to eat, and how much; it can also prompt animals to remedy dietary deficiencies. Anybody brought up as I was on Ernest Thompson Seton's animal stories will recall how Krag, the Kootenay Ram, led his flock to a distant salt lick; and researchers have since found that domesticated sheep, not the most intelligent of animals, will unerringly select a pasture having the correct balance, even down to a tiny trace of a mineral, in preference to lusher grass which lacks this balance.

The appestat also acts as an auxiliary to animals' defense mechanisms. Appetite is switched off by any alarm signal—because any animal who continues to feed is more likely to be caught. The digestive processes are stopped, too; with no more food coming down, they will not be needed, and in any case the body's whole energy resources may have to be mobilized for whatever emergency action is required.

Primitive man's appestat worked on this principle. But with the development of consciousness, he came to rely on memory and reasoning power, rather than instinct, as his guide. The animal ability to distinguish between, say, poisonous and non-poisonous berries disappeared. So did the intuitive sense of what constituted a balanced diet; as a result, tribes began to suffer from deficiency diseases, such as beriberi. And with the coming of civilizations, the appestat's authority was further eroded. People could still feel appetite, but they began to disobey it, because mealtimes came to be fixed, and the food eaten at them began to fall into stereotyped patterns.

But the fact that the appestat's orders were no longer heard, that they were so often ignored when they were heard, did not mean that it ceased to function. It continued to react automatically to circumstances; for example, by lowering or raising its setting according to its estimate of the individual's calorie requirements. It still does. In our urban/suburban communities, the natural tendency is for the setting to be lowered. There are two main reasons for this. One is that we take less exercise, and our appestats, realizing this means we are going to burn up less fuel, automatically allow for a reduced intake. The other is the existence of stresses which, by leading to worry, anxiety, and tension, send the same kind of messages to the appestat that it received in primitive man in the form of danger signals, warning it to cut off appetite temporarily. However, with primitive man the emergency was normally

BY BRIAN INGLIS

AND STAY THIN

soon past; modern man and woman are often a prey to continuing worries. Which means, in effect, that their appestat setting becomes chronically low.

It is often argued that we really have far fewer grounds for worry than our ancestors, because we have the benefits of modern science, from anaesthetics and antibiotics to central heating. But the worries associated with modern living are not necessarily rational. Sometimes they are—fear of losing a job is often rational. But often they are unconscious anxieties which may have no rational justification but which continue to nag at us and are often intensified by misguided treatment with tranquillizers or pep pills or both. Anyway, nobody is likely to dispute that such anxieties are widespread. Our appestats, faithfully obeying the warning signal, lower their settings in the confident expectation that because appetite is reduced, the fuel intake will be diminished. Yet mealtimes come round, and most of us eat out of habit. We may even force ourselves to eat, feeling that we ought to. Inevitably, we take in more fuel than the appestat setting has allowed for. It is not burned up, and we gain weight.

If lack of exercise were the only problem, it is possible that our appestats would come to terms with our changed conditions. Experiments at the University of London have shown that students put on a diet that increases their fuel intake soon gain three or four pounds; then, the appestat appears to accommodate itself to the increased consumption by shifting to a higher setting, so that the gain in weight is less than could be expected from the greater intake. Perhaps this is why the Irish can eat so heavily, and exercise so reluctantly, without growing fat—particularly as, at least in their own country, they are agreeably free from urban neuroses.

Unfortunately, our appestats, it seems, have not been able to come to terms with worry. Is it, then, worry which is the basic cause of our weight problems? To be dogmatic would be unwise, because too little research has been done on the subject. The trouble is that there is no measure for worry equivalent to the calorie as a measure for energy; and subjective impressions are misleading. We all know worriers who eat hungrily, yet remain thin; it may be because they bring their worries to the surface, so that they are "all burned up" in both senses. We all, too, know placid fat men. Yet inside every fat man, Cyril Connolly has suggested, there is a thin man trying to get out. Perhaps that thin man's despairing struggles reach the appestat in the form of warning signals, lowering its setting. This is speculation; we need more research on the links between emotional states and the appestat's settings. This research field is neglected, indeed almost shunned, by orthodox science.

Not that scientists are necessarily hostile to the idea. Yudkin, for example, agrees that the appestat can be pushed from its normal setting by worry, and he believes in the desirability of restoring a situation in which "our appestat will unconsciously control our eating." When it does, overweight automatically ceases to be a problem. However, his discipline is nutrition, not psychology; and he tends to discuss the subject in mechanistic terms. If your neighbour Mrs. Jones really is eating more than you without getting fat, he explains, "she may be using her fuel less efficiently." On the factory analogy, this is reasonable; to require more fuel to produce the same energy output is wasteful. But we don't look at it that way. Appraising Mrs. Jones's trim figure, we think precisely the opposite: that she is using her fuel more efficiently than we do, because she has the secret of eating as much as she likes and burning it off, so that it does not turn to unwanted surplus fat. Can we not find some way to keep down with Mrs. Jones—to persuade our appestats to reset themselves, so that we too can stay thin?

This has long been the aim of the "watch your metabolism" school of diet; and many the gimmick has been marketed that promises, in effect, to do just this. Although none of them has worked satisfactorily, it is by no means improbable that scientists will soon be able to provide some attachment to the brain which will enable us to alter our appestat setting by the flick of a switch. Experimental work now being done with animals could easily provide the key. But interfering with the body's mechanisms in this way is a risky business, not lightly to be undertaken. A safer approach to the problem, I believe, would be through research concentrated on the appestat's faithful assistant: appetite.

Considering how big a part it plays in our lives, and how miserable we can be without it, appetite has attracted astonishingly little attention. Presumably the reason is that—as the London *Times* medical correspondent lamented recently, in connection with clinical research into the effects of stress—"the introduction of such high-powered tools as the electronic microscope, chromatography, and radio isotopes has proved so tempting to the modern research worker that the more plebeian, arduous, and subjective procedures of the clinician have been relegated to the background."

It is possible to measure some of the symptoms of appetite—the flow of saliva for instance—but in its ordinary colloquial sense, appetite is almost as resistant to measurement as worry. Little attention is paid to it in research. Even Lewis Wolberg, in his pioneer *Psychology of Eating*, had nothing to say about it except to refer in passing to its rôle as "nature's first line of defense for preventing hunger." So little is its significance understood that some doctors actually prescribe—and many people consume, whether prescribed or not—appetite-reducing pills, unaware that, quite apart from whatever other adverse effects they may have, such drugs are likely further to lower the appestat's setting, making it all the more difficult to keep weight down when the treatment is discontinued.

It may seem perverse to say so, but the (Continued on page 199)





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The bump of the elections. . . . *The Male Attitude: What Makes American Men Think and Act as They Do?* by Charles W. Ferguson whose rather dull book has one refreshing, cool perception, for he proves what everyone knows, except bright young touring Englishmen, that the U.S. is not a matriarchy, that it is run for and by men who like it that way—and so do the women.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The brilliance of the idea of publishing a facsimile edition in thirty-three volumes, with all the advertising, of *Vanity Fair,* an intelligent, amusing, hard-headed, strong-minded magazine that began in September, 1913, and merged with Vogue after February, 1936. (A limited edition of one hundred sets at $1,000 each are at Bergdorf Goodman's new boutique.) When the witty, facile, distinguished, and eccentric Frank Crowninshield, the magazine's only editor from March, 1914, to the end of its separate identity, took over he promised and kept that promise: to believe in the progress of American life and to chronicle that promise cheerfully, truthfully, and entertainingly. To do that he nourished a group of editors with subtle, talented minds who roused the readers with their jokes, their tough reviews, their dismissal of sentimentality and cosmic glue.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The gaiety of Ruth Gordon with her lurching swagger, her husky, crunching voice, her instant command of the stage in the fitfully interesting play *The Loves of Cass McGuire.* . . . Lili Kraus, a superb pianist who is giving New York a Mozart winter by doing all the Mozart concerti which she plays by going straight for their hearts.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *A Dandy in Aspic,* another spy novel, this one by Derek Marlowe, whose book is precious, pretentious, ungrammatical, and sexually teasing. . . . In Paris, the scholarly smash of the panoramic exhibition "Hommage à Picasso" celebrating the artist's eighty-fifth birthday; the works were gathered from all over the world and put into the Grand and Petit Palais. . . . In Britain and the U.S.A., *The Territorial Imperative,* a book by Robert Ardrey whose fascinating points are that animals, fish, and man will fight for property before all else, that human wars are highly popular: " 'This place is mine; I am of this place,' says the albatross, the patas monkey, the green sunfish, the Spaniard, the great horned owl, the wolf, the Venetian, the prairie dog, the three-spined stickleback, the Scotsman, the skua, the man from La Crosse, Wisconsin, the Alsatian, the little-ringed plover. . . . Several hundred million years of biological evolution have altered not at all the psychological tie between proprietor and property."

PETER WEISS AND HIS WIFE, GUNILLA PALMSTIERNA-WEISS

The only political playwright in the Western World who forces that world to listen to horror, Peter Weiss stuns with his newest play, The Investigation. *He frightens with his quiet lucidity, his examination of what took place at the notorious concentration camp, Auschwitz, where four million were burned in the smoking ovens or gassed by cyanide in the showers or experimented on until death was the best release. In this scarring play, Weiss invented no dialogue. He took it all from the 1964-1965 official transcript of the German trial by Germans at Frankfurt of the guards, the doctors, the officials of the camp. They made a pool of their self-pity, for back in those camp days they said that they had only done what they were told, what was their duty. They noticed nothing. They smelled nothing. They hardly saw the four million.* They *were not responsible. The details are sickening—a child eating an apple, killed, and the guard then eating the apple. Unlike his two plays,* The Investigation *which opened in twenty theatres in East and West Germany, shocking both Germanies, and* Marat/Sade *which made him famous two years ago and is having its twentieth production now in Paris, Weiss is a mild, gentle, relaxed man. He likes the simple things. He lives usually in Stockholm, Sweden, with his blond and attractive wife, known in Europe for her theatre costumes and sets. When Weiss writes, he changes. Then he is total theatre; he is brilliant; he is so terrifying that everyone hears.*

PENN

HUMPHREY

VOGUE November 15, 1966

WASHINGTON

TEN OF ITS MOST POWERFUL MEN



All the people in all the country are influenced by what the ten men shown here and on the next pages do with their colossal power. They make matters happen, even if sometimes slowly, and they have the immediate ear of President Johnson, the most powerful of all.

Hubert H. Humphrey, the Vice President, a ruddy, trapped, outgoing, secretive man, is in on everything in Washington. He is a hawk who looks, for the most part, like a dove except for his pugnacious chin. There is a soothing quality about him, an immense good will. Because of his visits to other countries for the President, because he sits in on the Security Council, because he gets the CIA briefings, because he has a clever sense of politicking, because he has a computer brain able to bring facts quickly to the surface, the Vice President is undoubtedly the most-sought-after man in Washington.

WARREN

Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the United States, a man with a noble head and an easy, genial manner, may well be the third most powerful man in the country. At seventy-five, he has tremendous influence, which not all Chief Justices have had, on the eight Justices of the Supreme Court. Their notable decisions (there are about 2,400 a year) have pushed the country into new and often uncomfortable ways.

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR VOGUE BY BRUCE DAVIDSON



McNAMARA

BRUCE DAVIDSON

VOGUE, November 15, 1966

RUSK

Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, has a round, pink, serene face that fails to mirror the enormous power he holds. When he arrived at State, he had just resigned as president of the Rockefeller Foundation and as chairman of the program committee of the Scarsdale P.-T.A. Since then he has flown, he said, twice as many miles and spent half as much time away from his desk as the great traveller, John Foster Dulles. Crisis is his habitat: Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Viet Nam. Among his personae: Khrushchev, Castro, Kosygin, Mao Tse-tung, Chiang Kai-shek, General Ky.

Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense, is a thin, attractive, driving man, an intellectual, who has facing his desk a Rouault lithograph called: "The law is hard but it is the law." He can also see this Vietnamese motto stuck on the wall: "To hell with the plans of McNamara." No one questions his power. The President is even supposed to be sometimes a little leery of the famous McNamara sharpness.

Russell B. Long, Democratic Senator from Louisiana, the Assistant Majority Leader, whose power partly derives from his chairmanship of the Senate Finance Committee which decides not only who pays and how much but who gets what. A gregarious, easy talker with only a hint of a hominy-grits accent, the Senator holds the purse strings of the nation, has under his care Social Security which has under its care Medicare. He is the Senate floor manager for the Democrats. In his outer office, in the corridors of Congress, he can often be seen (as he is in the photograph to the right) with that great senatorial gesture, talking earnestly, his arm around the shoulder of his listener.

VOGUE, November 15, 1966

LONG

DIRKSEN

Everett McKinley Dirksen, Republican Senator from Illinois and Minority Leader, is the greatest showman on the Senate Circuit. Seventy years old, a manipulator, he rewrote the Civil Rights Laws of 1957, 1964, and 1965, and because he disagreed with the open-housing section of the 1966 Civil Rights Bill, it did not pass. Of the Rights bills that passed, he said: "I was swimming upstream all the way." Persuasive, fatigued, controlled, he likes to make the Gallery laugh as he makes small jokes in his deep, mineral-oil voice. Unlike other Senators, he always has flowers around, for he raises snapdragons, dahlias, and marigolds.

Michael J. Mansfield, Democratic Senator from Montana and Majority Leader, is no showman at all. He has never been known to twist an arm, to buttonhole his victims, to raise his tight voice. In turn he can not be manipulated. He began early to work for the United States Government by enlisting in the Navy at fourteen, then transferring to the Army and the Marines. In Congress for twenty-four years he is on a long leave of absence from the University of Montana where he was professor of Latin American and Far Eastern history. In the Senate he has been the force behind the Education bills, behind Medicare, behind other Administration bills that passed. One of his important efforts in the Senate, he has said, was to secure for Montana the Hungry Horse Dam.

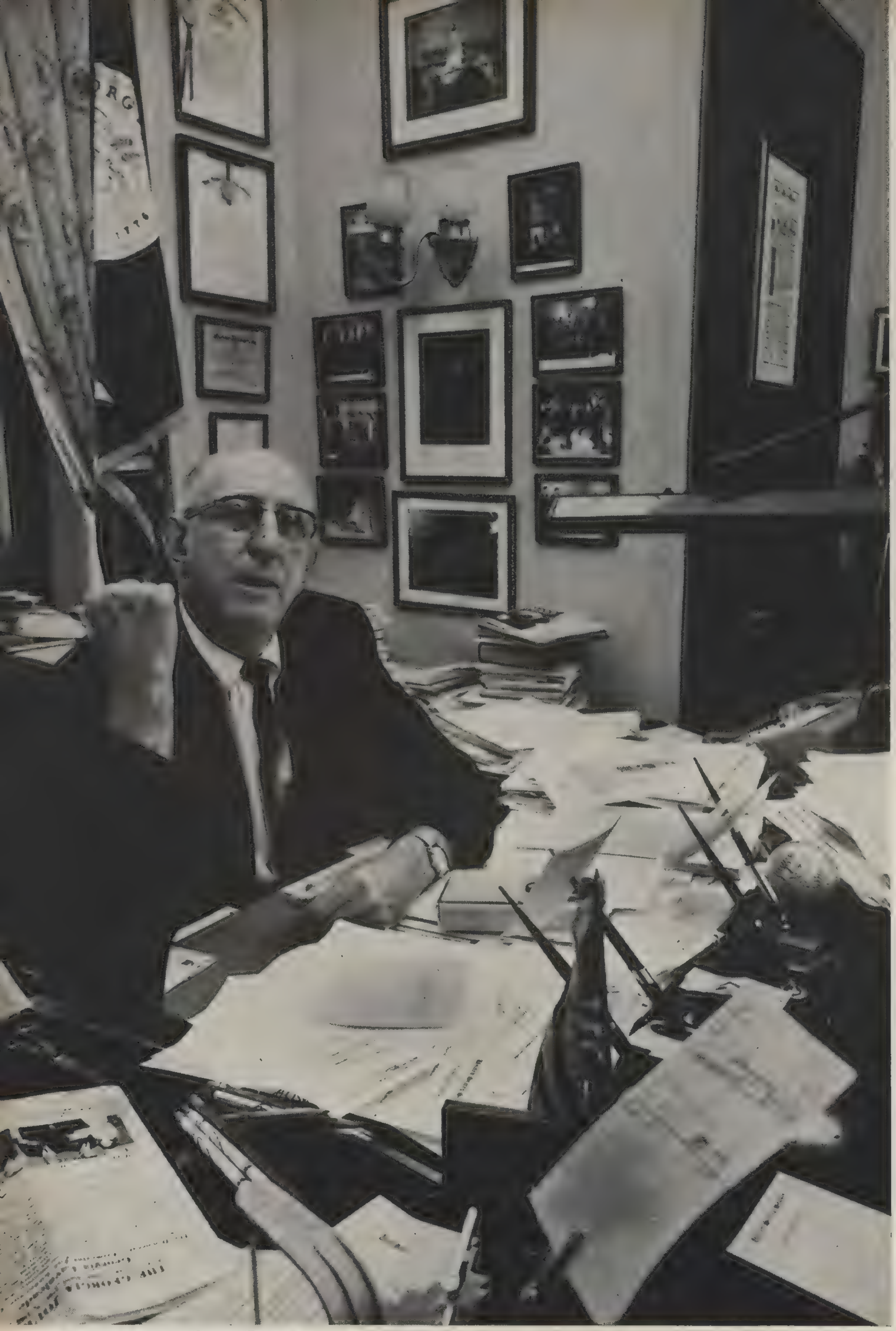
Hale Boggs, Democratic Representative from Louisiana and Majority Whip in the House, is a big, bold-faced, thin-lipped, impressive man involved with the neat passage through the House of bills, especially those to do with the space program, Telstar, nuclear missiles, with health, education, housing, and urban affairs. He and his wife are considered by many to be the most expert political *couple* in Washington, a constant, upper-drawer, difficult trick.

BOGGS

BRUCE DAVIDSON

VOGUE, November 15, 1966

MANSFIELD



RUSSELL

Richard Brevard Russell, Democratic Senator from Georgia and Chairman of the Armed Forces Committee, a member of several other committees, an advisor to the President who acts often on Russell's advice. While others may influence, the Senator can *force* issues and has no hesitancy in doing so. He likes the sense of clutter, has the walls of his senatorial suite papered with cartoons and photographs of himself, has framed the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* that show his face. Wherever his eye strikes, it sees Russell, except on his desk which is covered with important papers that he riffles through. A modest, untiring Senator in the middle of his souvenir office, he knows who has power. He.

Robert Francis Kennedy, Democratic Senator from New York, is constantly putting his power to the test, not always in Washington but throughout the country. Magazines sell issues by calling him President and then asking in smaller type 1968 or '72? Almost forty-one, vigorous, moody, tanned, his thick hair flopping down, he has developed charisma for the crowds. Democrats clamour for his support. When he toured the Middle West recently for Democratic candidates up for election, Mary McGrory wrote: "If emotion could take him to the White House, he is already on his way." With almost no power in the Senate, the Senator has direct power, the power of public opinion, and he uses it. When a student recently asked him on a television program why he was so popular in the polls, Kennedy laughed and gracefully said: "Charm and wit."

BRUCE DAVIDSON

KENNEDY



MINIM BY MINIM, WATCHES ARE GETTING BIGGER, GETTING BOLDER—THEY'RE OPEN-FACED FOR BUSINESS, WOUND UP FOR FUN, HUNG UP ON KERSPLASHY DYNEL BAUBLES. WORN HERE BY APRIL OLRICH, THE MERRY-LEGGED DANCER OF THE SMASH REVUE "WAIT A MINIM!"

Watch on the ball, left: Plastic with a leather cuff. By Vendôme. About $36. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Leotard-tights of Helanca stretch nylon. $10. Capezio. Coiffure: Ara Gallant. Pocket watches, below, left to right: Gold watch by Juvenia. $250. Tourneau. Chrome factory stopwatch by Meylan. $25. In a Dynel bracelet: gold railroad watch by Hamilton. $110. Lambert Brothers; Laykin & Cie; I. Magnin. More pocket watches, above: Square with calendar, $17. On belt: round with alarm, $13. By Sheffield. Best & Co.; I. Magnin. Leotard-tights, $35. To order: Capezio. All watch pages: Dynel belt, baubles, fobs by Hoff-Gallant for Hattie Carnegie: made to order, Bergdorf Goodman.

T STERN

WATCH IT. THE BOLD ONES ARE MAKING THE BIG TIME. FACE IT. THEY'VE NEVER LOOKED BETTER.

Three watches on a belt, this page, left to right: Tiger's-eye gold watch; gold pocket watch; white gold watch with a lapis lazuli face. All by Piaget. At Van Cleef & Arpels. Pouch belt by Sant Angelo for General. Jumpsuit by Bewitching. Check-pull of black-dyed mink with "Jasmine," Emba white mink: Christian Dior Furs, New York. Any minim, opposite above: Gold wristwatch, tells time in all zones. By Rolex. $560. Abercrombie & Fitch. Natural golden Russian sable coat by Christie Bros. The pigskin gloves, by Sant Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb, at Lord & Taylor. Squared watches, opposite below: As a pin, gold watch rimmed with green agate. By Audemars Piguet. Tiffany. On arm: gold with a lapis lazuli face, a sapphire on the winder. By Bueche Girod. $330. Cartier.

BERT STERN





TO ARMS, TO WRISTS, TO POCKETS: THE WILDEST BATCH OF BIG BOLD WATCHES HOOKED ON FLASHY DYNEL FOBS

Count the minims, starting at the elbow, opposite: big and bold—a gold watch by Tissot. $100. Saks Fifth Avenue. Stopwatch with second hand and yachting-timer dials. By Croton. $120. H. Lewkowitz. Oval gold watch with numerals on the rim. By Movado. $250. Cartier. Skin diver's watch with calendar, time zone indicator, gold plate. By Lucien Piccard. $160. Lambert Brothers; Laykin et Cie, I. Magnin. Brushed gold watch by Le Coultre. $150. Tourneau, Mermod-Jaccard-King, St. Louis. Checkboard face, no numerals—squared gold watch framed here in Dynel. By Girard Perregaux. $115. Tiffany. Stainless-steel case, no numerals on a sleek black face. Mido watch, $100. Traber & Hoeffer. Square gold watch in hand, numbers in French. By Corum. $500. Venere 57. Time for a light opposite, bottom of page: watch in a golden lighter, by Endura. $24. Tailored Woman. The big time, opposite, top of page: bold gold with calendar, moon phase indicator. By Patek Philippe. Tiffany. Gloves by Yves Saint Laurent for Glove Fashions, Halle Bros., Joseph Horne. Time on the cuff, above: watch on a wide silver lamé bracelet. By Hawthorne at De Mario. $30. Saks Fifth Avenue. All watches so far: Swiss movements. Outer space watch, right: duplicate of the Accutron watch that orbited on a Gemini flight—big and gold with a black face. By Bulova. $650. At Tiffany.

SURFACE EXPLOSION

FROM ITALY—THE PATTERNED WOOL IDEA

They sizzle. They scorch. They're the burning-bright colours laid boldly on wool—here in two brilliant new looks from the Italian collections, both Forquet. Streaks flashing, confetti flying, this page: A wraparound coat in a glorious splurge of red and purple and peach. Wool by Lanificio Piacenza. Coat at Sakowitz. Tiger, tiger, burning bright, opposite: Purple and tawny tiger stripes on white wool—double-breasted jacket over a narrow dress with a yoke and cravat of purple velvet. Wool by Duca d'Oria. Suit at Sakowitz. On both pages: Shoes by Barrilà, Rome. Canessa hats. Makeup by Gil of Max Factor. Coiffures by the Vergottini of Milan. The setting: Signora Gaea Pallavicini's flat in Rome.





David Bailey talks of women, beauty, marriage

...those two pitch-black eyes in his white face get a dazed, glazed, affronted look when faced by any question; but when the questions are about things so implicit in his life as women and beauty, and as personal as his thoughts on marriage, he breaks into a kind of soft-shoe shuffle, goggles into dark glasses, gesticulates with amazement and dismay, protests incoherence...and finally talks. This talk is fleshed with gestures and movement and ridiculed by the tones in his voice....He has been married twice —once when he was very young, now to Catherine Deneuve, and in between had a long and very steady romance with Jean Shrimpton.... "Jean was everything a girl could be. She wasn't just a girl—she was Tinker Bell, she was the summing up. I knew it immediately I saw her, when she arrived at Vogue's studio. I was only twenty-one, and no one, given equivalent looks and the same timing for a look, could *ever* have that impact on me again. She was intelligent, too; she looked great, she had her own job, she didn't have to have me, she didn't have to bother me, she didn't want to. I know that you could be terribly happy with a woman who is very domesticated and wants a house and children but is it bad for the work? ...It's bad for the work; it's Not Good for the Work at all....I know it's now a corny thing to say, but it's true that a woman is like a car. And you can be very happy owning a family saloon but you're going to have more fun, excitement, and probably trouble owning a Ferrari. Not that you ever say you own a Ferrari-woman—the only and best way to keep them is to let them think they're free. (More next page)



Nightdressing at its prettiest, worn here by Catherine Deneuve, enchanting French star of *The Young Girls of Rochefort.*
Night of the goddess, above: A floating chiton of lilac crêpe—baring one shoulder, baring one knee, tied high in pink.
In tricot of Enka Crepeset nylon (Collins & Aikman fabric). About $20. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin.
The cheetah jumps, right: Wild little jumpsuit in a black-and-white cheat-cheetah print. In tricot of Caprolan nylon
(Stevens fabric). About $17. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; L.S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Both, by Rudi Gernreich for Exquisite Form.



DREAM GIRL– CATHERINE

Deneuve

AND THE NEW
NIGHTDRESSING PHOTOGRAPHED
BY HER HUSBAND DAVID BAILEY



DAVID BAILEY

DREAM GIRL DENEUVE

Waking, walking pyjamas, left: A sheer white silk chiffon blouse over a white spangled halter top, and wide white crêpe pants that follow your every move. Blouse, about $30. Pants, of Avisco acetate and rayon (Bloomsburg fabric), about $30. By Lady Hathaway. Halter brassière by Warner's. About $19. All, at Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's.

Sleeping, sweeping nightdress, right: A dream-drift of turquoise crêpe tricot appliquéed with night-brown lace. Off camera here: its own brown-lace robe de soir lined with chiffon. By Hollywood Vassarette. Nightdress, in tricot of Enka Crepeset nylon (Burlington fabric). Both, about $125. At Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle Bros.; The Broadway.



Bailey talks "Catherine is the cleverest woman in the world...she's the cleverest I've ever met. I don't mean intellectually at all. She's so *tricky*. For a start, I think she may be more talented than I am and she keeps on working and making films and I want to use her in a film I make. I will...but she has worked with some of the best directors in the world and I want to make a few more films on my own before I start with her. Anyway when I make films the emphasis is always on men...partly because there is a whole new type of screen-hero—or there is going to be. I'm tired of all that tough-guy James Bond stuff. The only tough guy was Humphrey Bogart and he's dead....I can't really talk about women, or ordinary marriage, because I'm only interested in Catherine now, and our marriage isn't what you'd call routine. We sometimes don't see each other for long stretches, when she's filming and I'm working, or else we see each other at the weekends. But then, when we (More next page)



DAVID BAILEY

Bailey talks do see each other it's all new, it's all lovely....I think it's probably very good for a woman to be married to someone who is working with beautiful women all day...I mean I think Catherine probably has a jealous nature and *is* jealous, but she's clever enough not to show it. It would be more of an irritation than boring if she did, but then you'd never marry anyone who made you feel bored or trapped, would you?...I got married for convenience, which I think is the best reason—the reason why people actually do bother to get married—convenience in travelling, in living, in foreign hotels. I think the quickest way to lose a woman, or to lose the woman you actually married (although she's still there), is to cling to marriage as the cement for the bond, to legalize it—she becomes complacent. I do know that marriage is difficult. You do have to put yourself out—to have any sort of real relationship you have to give something to get anything back. (More next page)



DREAM GIRL: DENEUVE

The shirt to turn-in in, left: White crêpe to the floor—the prettiest nightshirt with a little round collar and banded cuffs. By Sylvia Pedlar of Iris, of Du Pont nylon, Dacron, and silk (Registered fabric). About $23. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Marshall Field.

Full turn, right: Miles of filmy stuff, all float and flow—narrow and dark brown on top, widening to a flurry of white. Nightdress by Pauline Trigère for the Formfit Designers Collection; two layers in tricot of Du Pont nylon. About $20. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

DREAM GIRL DENEUVE

So pretty, it's tied up in ribbons, left: A short drift of filmy white nylon with straps, bows and edges of wide pale-blue satin ribbon. By Seamprufe, in tricot of Chemstrand nylon (Burlington fabric). About $12. At Altman's. At home, at night, slip into a velvet jibba, right: A long fall of eggshell velvet crusted with turquoise beads and gilt passementerie braid at closing, at wrists. By Perfect Negligée, of Crompton rayon velvet. About $225. At Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Coiffures all eight pages, by Laurence for Vidal Sassoon, London.

Bailey talks "It's sad that marriage is necessary as a convenience but it's not anything like as sad as it was....I think that Frenchwomen grow up far more quickly than English girls, too. If I walk through London I see the prettiest girls in the world—really unbelievable, but they're not women, they wouldn't know what a woman is—they're all Lolitas and Candys. I feel like a Dirty Old Man in London. But you don't find French girls like that at all. Even in the way they dress they're different. I mean, Catherine goes to Saint Laurent, and the most expensive dress Jean has in her wardrobe would be a Pucci. I'm not knocking either, you know—it's just an illustration of the way they think. The Frenchwoman, I think, has a more subtle and complex mind. In America they seem to have college girls, and then married women driving the second car, and (Continued on page 204)

DAVID BAILEY



BULLETIN FOR *women who take their men seriously*

CHARTED: THE LOOKS-NEWS THAT'S LABELLED STRICTLY FOR MEN

"You are old, Father William," the young man said. "And your hair has become very white. And yet you incessantly stand on your head. Do you think, at your age, it is right?" Lewis Carroll speaking in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* circa 1866. At any age now, circa 1966, it appears right to stand on one's head —if not incessantly, frequently. But in the new wonderland of men's cosmetics, Father William might, as likely as not, transmute all those white strands into something more *Early* Father William. That's one of the revolutions—on a regular, unblushing basis—shaking up men's hair.

The time has come to sort the categories of man-groomers. To pin down what should and should not be going on in the barber shops, the locker rooms, and his dressing quarters.

Whereas prior-to World War I the only fragrant lotions used openly by men were bay rum and witch hazel, there are today over 260 men's cologne brands (and these include more than 300 different scents); over 160 after-shave formulae; over 100 soaps compounded especially for men; ten men's hair sprays; eight men's bath oils...and at least two men's bubble baths.

Classify them, categorize them? Pretty rough going. Although we recognize the fact that there are many his-&-hers products, we have included only those things that have been labelled: For Men. See the chart to the right and on the ensuing two pages, navigation material for the confident man...and the woman who takes him seriously....

WHAT
After-shave
Cologne
After-shave cologne
Toilet water
Extrait
Shave; pre-shave
Talc
Deodorant; antiperspirant

WHAT FOR	WHAT NOT FOR	SOME FOR-INSTANCES
Its work is cut out for it. After-shave cools and refreshes the face that's just been razed. Helps to close pores temporarily; acts as mild antiseptic. Scent operates on a short-lived basis.... If a man is out of after-shave, he misses it. Like not being able to find the other shoe.	After-shave doesn't bill itself as a bountiful scenter. (Colognes, toilet waters, extracts do that work on a stick-around-a-while basis.) Another thing after-shave doesn't usually claim to be is Dr. Casey. It's not a big-time healer, though there are some exceptions.	Countless. Almost every house that makes groomers for men makes an after-shave. Braggi after-shave by Charles Revson does claim healing properties. And an *after* after-shave of interest is Aramis Mark-Out, devised by Lauder to deal with razor cuts and blemishes. Bonne Bell makes one men's product—medicated 1006 after-shave.
Originally a scent with strong aromatic properties to clear the brain, act as a pick-up, as well as add good fragrance to the surroundings. Now a general term for a man's scent with "hold." For use on upper torso, on linen, or as a body splash. When a man isn't wearing it, it's missed, a fact noted and commented upon by women.	Cologne should not be used as an after-shave splash. Has far too much bite for facial skin to take....Oily skin requires less cologne than dry skin—the latter doesn't hold fragrance as long.	See list on page 39. The choices run to hundreds: French, British, Spanish, Italian, Caribbean, dozens of American makes, plus, of course, 4711, actually made in Cologne. Newest form of cologne is spray cologne for men. Canoe is so bottled. So is Christian Dior Fraîche, so is Gin Fizz by Lubin, so is Vétiver by Carven. And it doesn't stop there. Messire by Jean D'Albret puts out a spray cologne. Prince Matchabelli Black Watch is aerosolled. The good Signoricci comes in spray form (and for this one, refills are available). Givenchy for Men comes in pocket-size spray....Big thrill in cologne. a big bottle. Canoe comés in a 32⅞-ounce bottle. Onyx: a cologne quart. All the Caswell-Massey colognes go up to gallon-size. Fabergé's Brut is big too.
This is a hybrid group—group therapy, it combines two services. For the chap who isn't going to stand still for the opening of two bottles, a bottle of after-shave cologne offers more scent than after-shave—with less bite than the usual cologne.	This double-header isn't for every man you know. It's not for a tender skin generally. Interesting approach, however; the category is expected to grow.	The handsome Brut offers an after-shave cologne. Caron has just added one to its Pour un Homme Champagne line. Mem English Leather is an all-purpose cologne. So is Mr. L, a newcomer by DuBarry. And although it describes itself simply as a cologne, Chenango cologne by Frances Denney is actually an after-shave cologne. See page 39.
Technically has less sting and more scent than the traditional cologne. Liked as a body splash by the chap whose skin smarts at the touch of cologne; also by the man whose skin chemistry is such that it doesn't hold scent well.	Toilet water is not for the fragrance that isn't pretty great in itself. At this slightly heightened power, a flawed note is noticeable.	The entire range of men's scents by Caswell-Massey is issued in this form. We'd also categorize the splendid Eau d'Hèrmes as a toilet water-cologne. Eau de Lanvin is a toilet water and an excellent one—firm citrus-y business.
This is scent for men—in its tightest, richest form. A few drops do the work of a palmful of toilet water. Splendid stuff on handkerchiefs, temples, wrists, hands.	Extraits, or extracts, whichever term you want to use, are not for the big-time splasher. The form is news to most American men.	Vétiver by Carven comes in extract form. And to show you what possibilities they think exist in extraits, Van Heusen, the shirtmakers, have put out mossy Essence of Passport 360, which they cheerfully describe as a perfume for men.
All shave foams, lathers, lotions—including pre-shaves—set the beard up for shaving. (Psychology note: they're scented pleasantly to gull a man into feeling that shaving is a pleasure.) Present tendency among shave products: to become more and more specialized for specific beard-types....The phrase "pre-shave" almost invariably means pre-*electric* shave.	Not for the usual razor unless they say "pre-*blade*." The electrified set is the beneficiary of most pre-shaves....Attention to type-casting on the shave-aid's label pays off in shaving results, shaving comfort.	Still considered by many men one of the best friends a razor ever had is Arden for Men foam. The Aramis group of groomers by Lauder has two proposals: shave "formula;" shaving foam. In the new Braggi collection by Charles Revson, the beard is prepared for demolition with pre-blade softener and whizzed off with shave lather. In its men's line, Powers has a pre-shave *cleanser*—a valet for the face that's going to have an electric shave. After turning out razor blades and shavers by the millions, Schick has now turned its mind to the rest of the grooming act as well....As has everyone and his brother, it would appear.
Tinted talcs help to tone down the blue of a heavy beard; they take gloss away from an ultra-oily skin—nose area notably. And they're splendid about de-shining a bald head.	Tinted talcs are not usually antiseptic powders—these are a category in themselves. Confusing the two is a fairly routine mistake—a mistake either way, as it works out. (Antiseptic powders are fairly vital to feet.)	Lots of tinted talcs around. But what's unique? The roll-on talc by Evyan—roll-on's contribution is speed and neatness. Another new category of tinted talk is this: talc in cake-form with applicator. Aramis has one. Braggi features one; calls it Cover Tone. Powers calls its tinted cake Talc Tablet. ...Because it's lime-scented, you might describe as unique a tinted talc called what but Lyme, By George!
Purpose: obvious. Forms: roll-on; spray; stick; powder; cream. The big struggle is for an acceptable anti-perspirant. For some men, an anti-perspirant is useful also as a way to de-humidify the palms, the soles of feet.	Not all deodorants are anti-perspirant. But all anti-perspirants, as you might suspect, are deodorants as well. Read your label. Any promise made is obliged by law to be kept.	Because it's unscented, the roll-on called Personal Care by Evyan is an agreeable consideration. For a super-sensitive chap, Allercreme, the hypo-allergenic specialists, have issued a quite complete man's line which includes an anti-perspirant deodorant in a tube....The big category is the spray deodorant. Fabergé was early bird with this. Big gun right now is Gillette's Right Guard.

CHART CONTINUES NEXT PAGES

WHAT	WHAT FOR	WHAT NOT FOR	SOME FOR-INSTANCES
Hair-dressings	For everyone except Bob Dylan, a hairdressing of some sort is necessary for preservation of the image. Creams, lotions, liquids, gels, brilliantines are all various approaches to the grooming and control of hair. Hair *tonic* is generally a special category; is generally more alcoholic, and sometimes offers a degree of dandruff control. Hair *spray* is pure control. See below.	Not for any old kind of hair is any one kind of hairdressing. Quality of hair has to meet its match in hairdressing chosen for it. Considerable exploration may have to go on before a man knows: (a) what kind of hair he has, and (b) what manner of hairdressing will do the most for his kind of hair.	Where to begin? With household words—you'd have to. Score. Alberto VO5...and on into the night. To give you some current vocabulary: there are the *gels* that brought control under neat new control. There are the *proteinized* hairdressings. And there are the *vitaminized* ones (Pantene)....
Hair colouring	Though some of the golden lads get their gold out of a bottle, the real interest in, and purpose of, men's colouring products is to modify or completely cover grey hair. The new one that's making all the noise is technically a semi-permanent rinse to use at home or have applied at the barbershop. A whole other approach is through the so-called "colour restorers," a route by which a chemical reaction gradually darkens the hair.	None of the semi-permanent rinses is forever. They must be reapplied as hair grows out (rate of growth varies, as does the "depth" of grey). As for the "colour restorers," the tone the hair takes up from these can sometimes get out of control. The rinse's outcome is more predictable....Frequent mistake made by men who colour their hair: choosing a shade that's too dark (better to err on the too-light side and work your way down from there).	The big for-instance in men's hair colouring is of course Clairol's Great Day—a recent adventure by this long-experienced hair-colouring house. Great Day is a semi-permanent rinse, issued at present in two adjustable shades. In the other category of men's hair-colouring aids, the "colour restorers," there's Bio-Capil in the Messire collection by Jean D'Albret....Unknown to many men is a dyeing service of some of the foxier men's hair-styling shops: eyebrow-dyeing for men who lose face when their eyebrows lose colour. Bald men find this process most enhancing; are the ones who most appreciate new eyebrow power.
Hair spray	The real intent of hair spray for men is this: to offer, at the press of an aerosol button, light, all-over control for the hair. This control is a key step in giving a man a new "line" of hair. The hairstyling impresarios consider hair spray a basic implement.	Men new to the use of hair spray tend to use it too close to the head. "Hold the spray at least 10 to 12 inches from the head" is the instruction any enlightened barber will give. Looks too lacquered if the spray is held too close.	In the Aramis collection by Lauder, hair-groom spray is called Hair Stay. Guerlain's Habit Rouge, the recently introduced collection that's already a success, has a Capillaque for men—in this, control is silked up with soft sheen. Signoricci isn't fooling around about taking the big plunge—so of course it has a hair spray for the chaps. Braggi aerosol Hair Control is actually hair spray. Fabergé's Brut includes hair control that's good hair spray. By George! (the verbena scent) has same. And to show you that hair spray for men means business, Jade East has a hair-spray mist.
Shampoo	Shampoo's purpose is to go the usual bath-soap one better in dealing specifically with the hygiene of the hair. Some men's shampoos include anti-dandruff artillery. Others specialize in deodorizing properties. One new one makes a point of being a shampoo for chest as well as head.	Only thing a shampoo is not is this: forgetting; or confusing its duties with those of a bar of soap. Shampoo makes a difference to the lustre, the ease of cleaning, and the manageability of the hair.	Although they're not labelled for-men-only, you can't speak of shampoos without speaking of the great anti-dandruff-ites: Head and Shoulders. Breck Banish. Dial....A few fancier entries are Aramis shampoo on a rope by Lauder. And the head-to-toe shower shampoo by Charles Revson.
Soap	When there's a soap that's labelled specifically for men, it's been engendered usually for just one reason: to keep a man's grooming scent consistent all the way down the line. Everything carrying one scent message.	Soap isn't for any skin that's not thoroughly rinsed after soaping. Much skin-dryness that turns up at the dermatologists' on men and women is directly traceable to lack of proper rinsing after use of soap.	Lots of handsome soaps around. Dangerous to attempt an inventory because someone's favourite is sure to be left off. But to name a small handful, Canoe, that marvellously successful scent that turned the scent-wearing tide in the U.S.A., comes in soap. Brut has that loaf of soap you've undoubtedly seen. Soap on a rope is done up in Aramis. A translucent cleansing bar "formulated for a man's facial chemistry" exists in the Braggi zone. And Shulton, which has done much moving and shaking in the men's field has an excellent soap in its new Teak scent.
Moisturizers	Ah, now we're getting to the heart of what the revolution in men's grooming aids is partly about: to keep the gentlemen out of their wives' face creams. The moisturizers keep the skin conditioned, therefore keep it healthier. And there is nothing sillier than to think *that's* a silly idea. For light, dry Anglo-Saxon skin, it could be urgent....Forms: lotions, creams, balms.	Until men get the hang of this stuff, they may tend to slap too much on. As with women's moisturizers, there is a point beyond which no useful purpose is served by excess moisturizing. A little spreads the good work around nicely. Unstickily.	Arden for Men may have been the first house on the block with an out-and-out face cream for men. In the U.S.A., that is—Patou and many European houses have always offered men this face help. As of this charting, the only men's product under the Charles of the Ritz label is Revenescence for Men—a superb aid, introduced in 1961. Aramis After-Shave Emulsion is a moisturizer. In Braggi, it's Skin Conditioning Cream. The After-Shave Balm by Lenthéric, in its well-received Onyx line, is in fact a moisturizer. Signoricci's Cremollient, is another. Shorell Formula M_7 for Men is still another. There are more; there'll be more.

WHAT	WHAT FOR	WHAT NOT FOR	SOME FOR-INSTANCES
Masques	Temporary tighteners, these facial pick-ups are stimulating to the face that's suffered time-zone fatigue or general fatigue, and looks wan. A fellow who'd much rather stay at home that evening, but can't desert his dinner hostess, might get some moral support out of the pick-up properties of a masque. Men, by the way, prefer to spell these *masks*.	Masques aren't usually for an extremely dry skin—not unless a follow-up emollient or moisturizer or balm is applied. But that's even more easily done than said.	The Arden for Men group cracked the case in 1956 with a masque for men. Aramis includes a pick-up masque. So does Powers, in its men's gathering. Charles Revson's Braggi collection is pleased with its Facial Pick-Up because it's invisible (translucent); does its bracing work in ten minutes. That's average time.
Hand cream	To prevent the chaps from having to carry around a pair of chapped hands. Some hand creams contain silicone for outdoor guardianship.	Both over-use and under-use are equally unfortunate. Rub hand cream in well if you want to use it well. You'll get the idea in time.	Aramis gloves a man's hand with a silicone-d hand cream. Signoricci, that dasher, labels its Cremollient as being a guard for hands as well as body.
Lip-salve; pomade	To keep the poor chap from breaking up every time he so much as smiles. Colourless, shineless protection against wind and weather.	Only misuse we know is failure to use when needed. According to one reliable survey, 48% of a group of men—all sports fans—use a lip salve on a regular basis.	Roger & Gallet lip pomade. Arden for Men lip salve. Powers lip guard.
Body lotion	For the skin that flakes as a result of dryness, some form of body lotion makes for comfort. Few such products are specifically labelled for men—which seems too bad; it's such an obvious way to spread scent and skin-ease around.	Not for stimulation, not for pore-closing after shower or bath. The body lotion has moisturizing as its aim.	So far, Signoricci may have come closest to admitting men have dry-skin problems, just as women have. Their well-scented Cremollient is labelled for face, hands, and *body*. Many of the other skin conditioners can work well on the torso and limbs; they just haven't gone out on a limb and said so.
Rubdowns	Slightly astringent, scenty, pleasant—the rubdown is the body's equivalent of an astringent after-shave. After shower or after bath.	Not for the face. Unless you want to hear the chap yowl.	Friction Lotion is what the Aramis collection calls its bracing body rubdown stuff. Sauna Splash is the bracer Braggi features. Jean Naté has a superb Friction Lotion for men or women—unusual in that it also seems to moisturize to a degree.
Scented towelettes	For portable pick-up and refreshment of scent any time, any place. Foil envelopes hold scent-soaked towelettes. Splendid idea. Splendid small present for gentlemen.	Because they're usually slightly astringent, these are not *always* operable as face-fresheners—better for hands, neck.	4711 is issued in towelette form. Roger & Gallet does some up, too. The excellent Signoricci cologne has just been put into these take-with-you packets. Canoe was formerly packeted; with luck, you might still find some around.
Eye pads	A few minutes' rest in the soothing darkness provided by herb-filled eye pads is meant to freshen the eyes, lessen puffiness, brighten the outlook within minutes.	Not for the chap who can't take five. Eye pads, to be effective, require at least a 45° angle on rest. The eye pad is partially a rest-promoter.	The Aramis grooming line includes eye pads. A man who may scorn the use of eye pads as a regular thing might feel very differently about them if he tried them on a trans-oceanic flight.
Sunless suntans	Purpose: to lay on the health. In appearance, at least. Apart from the help a sunlamp supplies, there are two specific and totally different breeds of product that operate against pallor. One is the colour-increaser—the lotion that causes a chemical reaction in the skin and produces a legitimate "suntan" without sun. The other is a colour-imitator that's simply a see-through pigment in a robust shade. You could call the colour-increaser a makeup, but we suggest you *don't*. It has enough moisturizer to qualify as a tinted after-shave treatment.	The colour-increaser is not for the skin that yellows easily. On the other hand, the colour-imitator isn't for the man who won't take the trouble to inspect his handiwork rather carefully to see that it's even and well blended.	Colour-increasers of the moment are Q.T. by Coppertone and Indoor-Outdoor tanning lotion by Sea & Ski. These are not labelled specifically for men—but men use them so routinely they can count as men's grooming aids. The colour-imitators are Powers' Look Fit, in three healthy shades. Braggi Face Bronzer by Charles Revson is another.
Suntan lotion	A sun-filtering preparation doesn't make any distinction between male and female skin chemistry. Nor does the sun. The only difference is that men seem not to take sun lotions as seriously as they should—usage-figures make this alarmingly clear.	Sun products are not for ignoring by anyone. But the fair Anglo-Saxon skin needs these desperately—especially for golf, boating, beaching; especially for the face.	All of the famous sun protectors apply here—and a man ought to get to know which one does what. There are the sun-encouragers; the sun-modifiers; the sun-blocks—these, for noses, mouths, pates, possibly feet. But St. Johns Bay Rum has done some special politicking to get men into sun protection with Filtertan For Men.

MEN

WITH STYLE...FOUR PAGES, PHOTOGRAPHED IN TWO COUNTRIES NOTED FOR THE PRIDE AND BEAUTY OF THEIR MALE PLUMAGE...

SCOTLAND

WHERE TWEEDS STALK THE MOORS, AND PROUD FAMILY TARTANS STILL BLAZE

THE CAMERONS OF LOCHIEL

Colonel D. H. Cameron of Lochiel, twenty-sixth Chief of the Clan Cameron, and his sons, Donald and John, in the grounds of Achnacarry, the family's Highland stronghold since the seventeenth century. (Two of Bonnie Prince Charlie's waistcoats are preserved there—a reminder of the Camerons' fierce loyalty to the Stewart cause.) The Chief, known simply as Lochiel, wears a day kilt in red-and-green Cameron tartan. His heir, Donald Cameron the Younger of Lochiel, is in full Highland evening dress—the blue velvet jacket belonged to his great-grandfather. Blue-and-red Lochiel tartan kilt, silver belt-buckle inscribed with the family motto, "Pro Rege et Patria." John wears a Lochiel day kilt and a pullover.

LAWRENCE FRIED

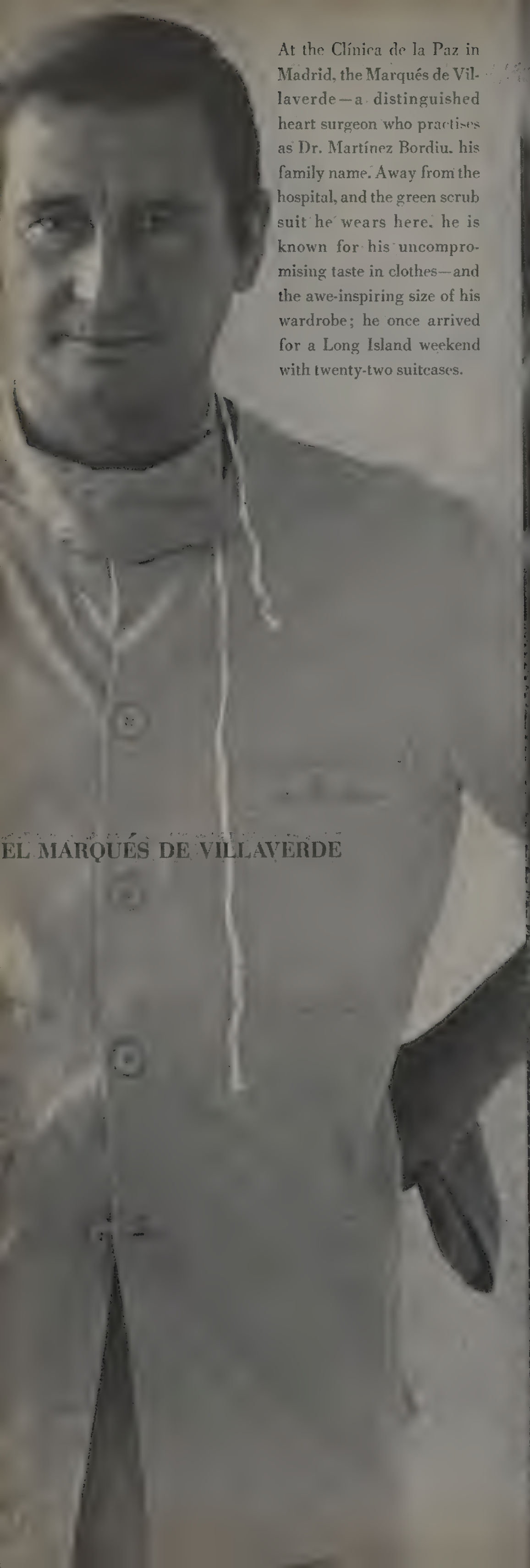
MR. ALEXANDER McEWEN





Mr. Alexander McEwen, *left*, at his farm in Berwickshire, wearing the trews of his old regiment, the Cameron Highlanders—in black, red, and yellow Cameron of Erracht tartan. With them, Mr. McEwen—whose wife is Austrian—wears a green Austrian shooting-jacket. He carries a Scottish shepherd's long staff. Mr. Archibald Stirling of Keir, *right*, dressed for shooting at Keir, his family's place in Perthshire, in brown checked-tweed jacket and plus-fours, green stockings. Mr. Stirling's wife is the former Charmian Montagu-Douglas-Scott.

MR. ARCHIBALD STIRLING



At the Clínica de la Paz in Madrid, the Marqués de Villaverde—a distinguished heart surgeon who practises as Dr. Martínez Bordiu, his family name. Away from the hospital, and the green scrub suit he wears here, he is known for his uncompromising taste in clothes—and the awe-inspiring size of his wardrobe; he once arrived for a Long Island weekend with twenty-two suitcases.

EL MARQUÉS DE VILLAVERDE

DON ANTONIO MUÑOZ

Don Antonio, a brilliant young banker, is one of Madrid's most eligible bachelors. Here, at his office in the Banco Internacional, he wears dark charcoal-gray wool

Don Eduardo shotgun broken over his arm, is dressed for shooting in brown checked tweed jacket, beige sweater, corduroy trousers. He is also a keen fisherman and skier—and an international business man with real estate, steel, and cattle interests in Spain and Argentina. Among other degrees, Don Eduardo has one from the Harvard Business School

DON EDUARDO SAINZ DE VICUÑA

LAWRENCE FRIED

IN SPAIN

UNFALTERING ELEGANCE— AND THE SUDDEN ROMANTIC FLING OF A WHITE CAPE

EL DUQUE DE ALBUQUERQUE

Carrying on a proud tradition of the Spanish nobility, the Duque is an amateur race-rider of enormous dash and skill: he is what the Spaniards call *valiente*. Here, at the Hipodromo de Madrid—riding his own thoroughbred—he wears his own racing colours: dark blue with a scarlet stripe.



EL CONDE DE VILLAPADIERNA

A leading racehorse owner—and a smashing dresser. Here, at the races in Madrid—where he was about to present a cup—the Conde wears a navy-blue pin-striped suit, dove-grey bowler.

"DOMINGUÍN"

Don Luis Miguel Gonzalez Lucas—better known as Dominguín, the kingpin bullfighter—was adored not only for his courage in the bull-ring, but for his magnificent matador's costumes—the *trajes de luces*, or "suits of lights." Now retired, he devotes his time to his family, and his two large country estates—where he raises pure-bred bulls for the ring, wild boar and other game for shooting. As many Spanish men do, he often wears capes. Here—with evening clothes—he wears a cape of cream-coloured wool, lined with dark-red velvet.





ROMAN CLASSIC SURPRISE

AMERICAN MAN TRANSPLANTED: THE PAINTER CY TWOMBLY LIVES WITH HIS ITALIAN WIFE IN A BORGIA PALAZZO. PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Exactly a decade ago, an eccentrically handsome, moderately uncertain young American named Cy Twombly, who had begun to achieve a measure of recognition as an avant-garde painter of promise, left New York to spend the spring and summer in Italy. Except for rare, brief visits to America, he has lived and worked almost ever since in Rome. In Europe, Twombly's work led to an introduction to Barone Giorgio Franchetti, a patron and collector of modern art who has an interest in the La Tartaruga gallery in Rome. Before long, Twombly was a regular exhibitor there and something of a leader among its youthful contributors. He met Franchetti's sister, Tatiana, and they were married in 1958.

The Roman apartment where the Twomblys now live, with their six-year-old son, Alessandro, happens to be in a palazzo. In certain quarters, where it is assumed that avant-garde American artists should live in avant-garde American discomfort, this relatively insignificant fact has led to Twombly's being suspected of having fallen for "grandeur," and somehow betrayed the cause. His own explanation is simpler and less parochial. Many of his canvases are immense. He needs vast wall space to hang them on, and vast doors, if he is to move them from room to room. (Continued on page 193)

In their serenely pale Roman palazzo, Mr. and Mrs. Cy Twombly, *left,* with, on the wall, a bust of the Emperor Hadrian, a Rauschenberg painting, and, above it, one of Cy Twombly's calligraphic paintings. *Above,* under a green sunshade, a bust of the Emperor Septimius Severus.

ROMAN CLASSIC SURPRISE

The Twomblys, *above,* in the palazzo's courtyard with Mrs. Twombly in their 1928 Alfa Romeo, which they take to car rallies; Mr. Twombly in a World War I leather greatcoat. *Right:* Thicketed in Mongolian fox, an Italian Empire bed and two gilded Italian Empire chairs in a palazzo bedroom. On the wall a Cy Twombly painting based on Raphael's "School of Athens."

HORST







ROMAN CLASSIC SURPRISE

Alessandro Twombly, aged six, *left*, in a Bersagliere hat (and sneakers), mounted on an eighteenth-century terra-cotta bust. *Above*, in front of his father's vast painting, "Triumph of Galatea," Alessandro, wearing a Knight of Malta's hat, with the Twomblys' silver-grey Neapolitan mastiff couchant on an Aubusson rug. The sum, a definition of Twombly magic.

101 IDEAS: WHAT PEOPLE WANT

Where the hearth is there should be apple logs; $6 the bag from Clark & Wilkins, 1871 Park Avenue, New York, where they also sell lignum vitae, hickory, and white birch logs as well as down-to-earth compressed sawdust "logs." Include kindling. . . . Doormats of coconut matting marked with sporting insignia (say a running fox); $15 plus shipping at New York's Sportsman's Gallery, 7 East 55th Street. . . . A standing order for delicious bread to be delivered, say once a week, from the best baker in town. . . . Muslin pillows filled with patchouli from Mary Chess, to use absolutely all over the house. . . . The price of mosaic paving for a small courtyard or terrace—black and white pebbled pattern with personal motif—stylized leaves, birds, garlands, whatever. . . . For someone with a swimming pool *and* an unfettered sense of humour, the gag present of a fake water lily with a twinkling light. $7.50, Abercrombie & Fitch.

For the viticulture entente: Six bottles of vin de table to be tasted—attentively, affectionately—with the big plus of a gift certificate good for a case of the favourite. . . . A Zig-Zag corkscrew ($5) that even women can use. . . . Two to six superb glasses from Baccarat to lend festivity and distinction to every wine they hold. . . . Wine racks on the honeycomb principle; add more as you need them. $12.95 per 14-bottle unit. Hammacher Schlemmer. . . . To make a point of largesse, send a magnum of a rare Margaux or Mouton Rothschild wine; once opened it *must* be consumed. . . . On beyond largesse: Christie's, the famous London auction establishment, this year resumes sales of rare old wines several times a month with "end of bin" sales at the end of each month. Catalogues for a year ($15) and price lists ($5) may be ordered from Christie's New York office, 36 East 57th Street. If the recipient's interest is likely to be more than scholarly, throw in a substantial check; note state regulations on import duties.

For Beatle-brows, teen-aged and older, sitar lessons. Ravi Shankar won't play, but in Chicago there's Mr. R. Badodekar, 912 East 61st Street. . . . For less enterprising types, a Jukebox. New ones cost $1,400-$2,000; used boxes, $350-$1,000. In New York: Seeburg Phonographs, 843 Tenth Avenue. They also rent machines for parties, and the modest fee involved isn't a bad present either. . . . RCA, Columbia, Capitol, Decca, and other snappy labels offer stereo-tape cartridges for hi-fi music makers designed for cars—jazz, pop, or big-name classics; for instance, the "Tijuana Brass." Cost: about $5-$10 per tape, and the whole idea now is to play them, not in your car, but at home. Gismo to play same: the Lear Jet Stereo-8, about $80.

Stock the larder with an assortment of really good cheeses or a whole wheel of a favourite cheese. . . . Half a dozen different kinds of mustard. . . . Several large bottles of various first-rate wine vinegars; harder to find than you may realize. . . . Almost any specialized or outsize vessel for cooking—an oval pot for poaching fish with court bouillon, an asparagus cooker, and so on. . . . An ice bucket as big as the Ritz. . . . A champagne cooler. . . . An espresso machine. . . . Reading matter: *Herbs for the Mediaeval Household for Cooking, Healing and Divers Uses* by Margaret B. Freeman; $3.75 at The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Movies

Rent-money for real movie-type movies to be shown at home. Brandon Films, 221 West 57th Street, New York, has more than 900 films on hand. Roughly $20 to $50 covers the cost of a private view for twenty-five people or less. Rent equipment separately.

The sound of Christmas: (1) Elaine Shaffer's Mozart Concerti for flute. (2) "Messe de Minuit" of Marc-Antoine Charpentier. (3) Charlie Byrd's Christmas Carols. (4) Telemann's "Concerti for Oboe and Orchestra." (5) "Le Mood Musicale de Baden Powell"; he's a Brazilian guitarist!

Haberdashery

Six pairs of identical suspenders, solid navy blue, to be permanently attached to six pairs of trousers. . . . Cashmere socks. . . . Miniature binoculars for the theatre, the great outdoors. . . . Knize's very special lisle polo shirts, about $15, and their woven, elasticized belt, $5.50. A billet entitling the bearer to six made-to-order shirts. . . . David Webb's superb cuff links—mere loops of twisted gold, $65. . . . For men, women, children, and guests, a stack of robes of thick white towelling.

Anyone born to win —and it's pleasant to be suspected of that sort of thing—could be intrigued by half a dozen sweepstakes tickets. . . . Ten shares of far-out stock. . . . An acre or two of an island about to be discovered, maybe. . . . Losers are more likely to be cheered by a personal horoscope (be sure you know exact hour and date of birth) or a full page of their handwriting analyzed in depth. Handwriting experts: Dorothy Sara, 11 East 32nd Street, New York. . . . Dr. Herry O. Teltscher, 165 East 80th Street, New York.

"See logic in action" is the pitch made for Digi-Comp 1, a plastic computer that adds, subtracts, and counts down; this for Einsteins of about twelve years. $6 at F. A. O. Schwarz. . . . When in doubt about the mathematical aptitudes of an eight-year-old, settle for a Batmobile; shoots rockets and things, sells for $4 at Schwarz. . . . Big Daddy will prefer the 1912 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost even if it is by Corgi and not Royce.

Tours to take for the birds: The Audubon Camp Dept., 613 Riversville Road, Greenwich, Connecticut, offers two-week summer campings in Maine, Wisconsin. $135 covers room, meals, expenses. . . . Ruggeder, more thrilling wildlife tours to the Antarctic sponsored by Lindblad Travel, 1 East 53rd Street, New York. $3,600 and up. . . . Birds of East Africa are the stars of a Clara Laughlin tour planned to start in mid-July. $1,700 for the works. . . . Sedentary bird-philes will welcome *The James Audubon Birds of America* which reproduces the original Audubon watercolour paintings. $55 now, $75 later. Published by American Heritage.

Comfort, service, luxury . . . these top everybody's list this year, starting with a fat credit at any of the places that supply cars and drivers. . . . Ditto at a caterer's, with one heartfelt plea that the service be intended for nights when there are no guests at all, nothing but uninterrupted leisure. . . . Same arrangement with a masseuse who comes to the house; six sessions make a marvellous package. . . . A nanny couldn't be

THE BEAUTIFUL FOR CHRISTMAS

nicer, if only for a month to coincide with the holiday of her charges' young parents. . . . And more than one woman's idea of heaven would be a skilled maid to put her clothes in order once a week, twice a month—well, frankly, as often as possible.

A child's garden of cheeses: Kodak's super-duper Instamatic camera, from $14 (women like these, too). . . . Elderly children on the teen scene want Polaroid swingers, from $17. . . . Inexpensive tape recorders, from $20. . . . Very little girls with a penchant for accessories can be enslaved by the present of a whole box of dime-store jools; don't forget plenty of rings and earrings. . . . Industrious tots take to the *Pooh Project Book,* $3 at the New York Public Library's intriguing shop. . . . From the same source, curiously enough, a French gendarme's whistle with compass, $1.25. And a Collage Kit from the Workshop of the Queen of Sheba—delightful bits of flags, art nouveau cutouts, etc., $1.50.

For travellers A pocketful of taxi money in the currency of whatever realm they're striking for. Obtainable in New York at Perera Company, 636 Fifth Avenue, New York, also at JFK Airport; and Harold Reuter, Room 2224, Pan Am Building, New York. Suggested pockets: anything from a crocodile wallet to one of those little gold mesh bags with nourishing chocolate coins inside. . . . For an angling husband, rent a stream in Scotland where only he and his guests may fish; details can be had from the British Travel Assoc., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York. . . . Reading matter keyed to the area; e.g., for France, *Guide Julliard to Paris* by Henri Gault and Christian Millau; $5. *Avignon in Flower,* $6, by Marzieh Gail. . . . Boon for weekend trippers: the not-too-big, not-too-small canvas valise, 24″ x 14″ x 7″, cost $52.50; brown canvas/tan trim; red canvas/black trim; black canvas/tan trim; blue canvas/maroon trim; bound in leather. From T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue, New York. . . . A beauty and fitness holiday at a spa that takes husbands, too; in Italy, the famous baths at Montecatini. Roughly $85 a day for room with bath, and assorted treatments, including therapeutic mud baths.

Now and future greenery: A fan palm or a fig or a lemon to turn a dining room into a winter garden. Fan palm, 5′ tall, $44 at C. Kind, 100 West 28th Street. . . . 500 intrepid Pachysandra plants to be delivered in March. . . . A fragile, challenging fern of the maiden-hair variety. . . . *One* woman we know wants a hemlock tree. Hemlock? . . . Charming in the country: old-fashioned shrub roses—striped moss rosebushes, 3′-4′ tall, $2.50 each; Ruskin, brilliant red blooms 4′-5′, $2.50 each; Dream Girl, a "semi-climber," 8′-10′, $2 each. From Tillotson's Roses, Watsonville, California.

Lively presents A white Pekingese puppy—they're terribly brainy. . . . A pair of marmosets or gibbons. . . . Very tolerant parents may perhaps let their offspring accept a gerbil, looks a bit like a hamster, stamps feet when out of sorts. . . . For a "difficult but basically sweet dog," a 5-week training course at Canine College, West Redding, Connecticut. $350 and presumably worth it.

Southpaw scissors from Hoffritz, about $7-$10. . . . Magic Rocks to be mined in almost any Japanese shop; actually they come in powdered form; drop in water and watch the strange and wonderful shapes appear. Great for an aquarium at roughly 60c a throw. . . . Some of the best Indian incense, probably Raj Kamal. . . . A case of Perrier, Evian, Vichy, Mountain Valley or some other pure and mildly esoteric drinking water. . . . Half a gallon of soy sauce in a handsome red and black square can with a good plastic spout. Great for marinating flank steaks, for teriyaki, etc. . . . And a serious cook with a spacious country kitchen—or for that matter an *organized* cook in smaller quarters—could be thrilled by a hefty butcher's block on legs. $145. Abercrombie & Fitch.

Challenging presents Jigsaw puzzles from the inventive collection by Springbok Editions: "Disks of Newton" by Frank Kupka—a real spinner; "Kabuki Embroidery"—complete with convoluted dragon; or a roundabout of the "The Veteran Motor Car 1885-1904." . . . An extraordinary kite from Go Fly A Kite, 310 East 80th Street, New York. . . . One of those motorized indoor-putting devices that returns a golf ball automatically—provided the putter has directed it properly in the first place. . . . For African safari men, a Purdy rifle, $5,500 from Abercrombie & Fitch, where—if you're given to planning ahead—you can also place orders for a pair of double-barrelled shotguns for grouse and game, to be delivered two to three years hence. (A very few may be available now.) Or a Payne fly rod of split bamboo, $175.

Spécialités A year's membership in the Irish Georgian Society headquartered at Leixlip Castle, County Kildare, Ireland, and dedicated to the preservation of Georgian architecture in Ireland. Bulletins on the progress of same, notice of special tours, and other charms delivered through the year for about $3. . . . In another Celtic vein: Columbia's book-and-two-record album, *The Irish Uprising, 1916-1922,* fraught with rousing song and rebel interviews; guaranteed to stir race memory. . . . Viking's excellent book, *American Furniture—The Federal Period* by Charles F. Montgomery, based on the Winterthur collections, $25. . . . For crossword puzzlers and word nuts who cherish nuggets of semi-useful information such as the fact that "in the clink" crept into the language via the Clink gaol, there's nothing like *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.* . . . Wordy friends with the wit to appreciate a sensible modern dictionary will thrill to *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language;* $25.

Seashells plain or, for that matter, not so plain, can be found in abundance at Seashells Unlimited, 590 Third Avenue (prices from 35c to $350, and Stix Rare Shell Gallery, 13 Vandam Street, both in New York. . . . Chunks of rose quartz, amethyst, and other semiprecious stones to lure the eye are $2 and up up up at Mayan Art, 51 Grove Street, New York. . . . Frederick W. Bradley's objects—a word we use for lack of one more splendid—made of shells, sea creatures, and gemstones can be seen at Woolworks, 783 Madison Avenue, New York, from now until Christmas; they run to such delights as a nautilus with water-like drops of cabochon aquamarine on a base of red coral, $1,500.

For laffs: Almost any book by the (Continued on page 202)

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

New York: A man, a woman, a boutique ... a glimpse of a private personal life—



the way a famous woman oozing the allure of fabulous furs, jewels . . . prefers to look. "Oh, yes," Anouk Aimée said, "I must go to Paraphernalia. Perhaps my husband will bring me there at 3:00 tomorrow." And so the next day there they were. The star, the woman, of *Un Homme et une Femme*, and Pierre Barouh —the first husband in the film— the ever-oh-so-real-life husband of Anouk Aimée. Before returning to Paris, Anouk must try, buy, for herself—her fifteen-year-old daughter Manuela, her sister—the whole real red look of this boutique. Especially the completely American let's-get-on-with-it modern designs of Betsey Johnson. It is Anouk's own secret life. . . . ***Pierre consults, decides, he is never far away.*** . . . The slippidy cling of a silvery mini-skirt—the slithery, rayon-y jersey shirt that looks as if it had been dropped in a cauldron of rampaging pink ink. Definitely yes. ***. . . Designer Betsey Johnson ambles in.*** (Below) Betsey's cheerful, all down to earth business, interested in every good Paraphernalia design—her own or anybody else's. She's got on her old crochet vest, denim bell-bottoms, scruffy shoes. "No, you're right—the navy-blue Tuffin & Foale skirt and top are too big for you. Here, try this one." Decisions, decisions. Especially thinking for three women at once. . . . Anouk disappears into a fitting room. . . . Betsey plops on the windowsill (next page top) —Pierre is telling her in his limited lovely English— ***"Not since Chanel has***





ORATOR WOODWARD







ORATOR WOODWARD

Anouk ever seen a designer of such talent. Really this is what she said.*"** Betsey's pretty bowled over but doesn't want to show it, so she asks Pierre about himself, his clothes, what he likes, et cetera. He's got up the way he likes—casual. Camel-colour antelope jacket, maroon turtleneck, nice comfy old honey-colour corduroys. It's his first trip to New York . . . he finds "Saks Feeth Avenue is very good for men's clothes." He's not always been an actor. "For seventeen years I write music —wrote some for *Un Homme et une Femme.*" . . . But ***here comes Anouk, this time in Betsey's long-John nightshirt dress of silvery jersey (right). Does she really need it, it *is* so pretty, so easy. But what we really must concentrate on is a fur coat. The Barouhs have a house two hours out of Paris—in Bretagne. And they travel back and forth in their Mini-Moke, adorable sturdy car it is, but as it's more open to the wide-open spaces than a Jeep—warm it is not. Out come the furs that Gerald McCann designed for Paraphernalia. Anouk snuggles into a slim-jim wrap affair of cheetah, bordered all around with red fox (below far left). ***The colouring is marvellous with her skin—her chestnut hair, but—***one must be practical. Think of the Mini-Moke—the breezes. ***Perhaps the kit fox with the hood?*** (Below left) It reverses to a raincoat as well. Decisions . . . decisions . . . we can think about that in a moment. In the meantime, let's put on that pretty silvery dress again. Surely that's an essential. So while Betsey and Paraphernalia get up a list of the prices—neon pink shirt, $25, silver mini-skirt, $16, silver nightshirt, $40, cheetah and fox wrapper, $675, hooded fox, $700—***Anouk and Pierre settle down to think it over. . . .***









New York: Love for sale. . . . Everyone who sees him says "Ohhh" and promptly hugs him. He's just a ball of stuff that is porcupine-coloured—with long, soft, white-tipped quills, little bead eyes, a black button nose, thin wispy feet and ears. . . . He's a cuddly porcupine. The biggest size (as big as a canteloupe) is about $5. By Steiff. F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue. . . . ***Keeping cosy as a porcupine.*** Coats as toasty warm, roly-poly, and lovable as the porcupine's own coat—only made of other folks—for instance: streaked red skunk, $199; floofy raccoon, $299; puffy white Spanish lamb, $299. All at The Fur & Games Preserve, Arnold Constable, 40th St. and Fifth Avenue. . . . ***The hippity-hop pants tailleur—*** soft, downy, golden-glow rabbit stencilled with a natty black Tattersall—that's what's the stuff of one of the niftiest pants tailleurs around. At KuKu Boutique, about $550. 127 E. 60th St. . . .

New York: Is Cupid really a computer? Is he really a small room of I.B.M. 360 machines in Mount Sinai Hospital? With a click click of inserted tape, a soft hummmmmm, and a chitter-chatter splatter of fact-filled cards, can the machine replace the mythical matchmaker? Well, there are some who say so, an organization called Data-Date for one. For a $5 fee they feed Cupid the Computer such data as your photograph, name, address, telephone number, education, profession, special interests, etc. And . . . click click, hummmmmm, chitter chatter—out spill the facts on five suitable suitors. Just to show how splendidly on the up and up is Cupid the Computer, Data-Date, one evening, gathered together some of the prospective partners, meeting for the first time. At a quick glance, everyone looked eminently respectable, very serious, and in some cases, well—well-matched. But time will tell. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

New York: It's an English-American understanding—pants are for the dance.





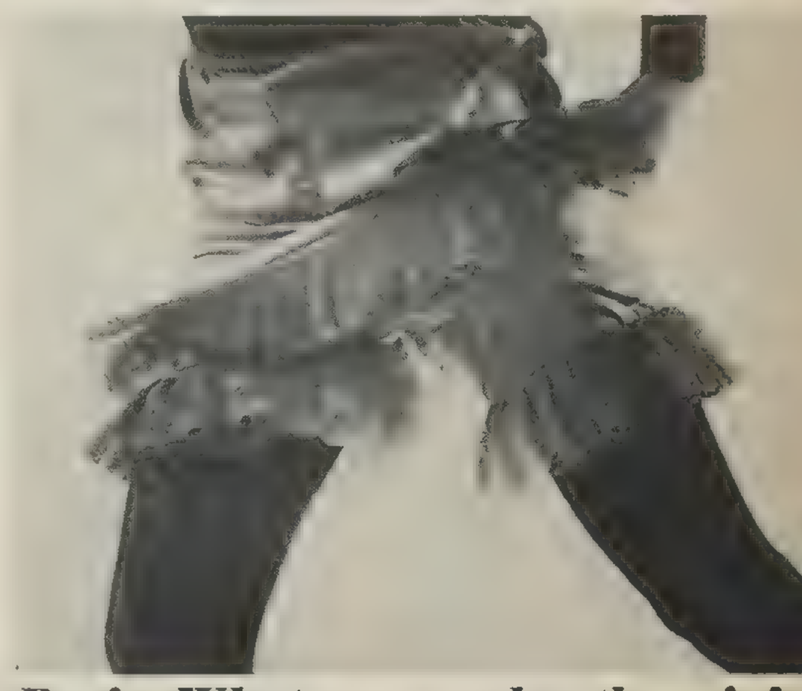
It all comes clear in a flash. Just step into "Yellowfinger's," especially if designer John Kloss (below right) has taken over the place to fête London's Sally Tuffin and Marion Foale. It's a long and short story—everybody's either got on pants, swingy right down to the tipper-tappers, or flippity mini-skirts up to heaven knows where—hair cropped to Christmas, or long as a waterfall. Honoured guest Sally Tuffin ***And so are mini-skirts—the min-ier the mightier . . .*** (above, far left) in screamy pink slinky jersey; Caterine Milinaire (above, centre left) all striped-up in American designer Betsey Johnson's grey and navy Union-suit; co-honoured guest, Marion Foale, in her black jersey mini; London's Sally Jess (above left) in turquoise two-piece; American designer Betsey Johnson (above, near right) in her royal velvet nail-head-studded pants tailleur. And Jane Holzer (above right)—perhaps in a legs-across-the-sea gesture?—puts an American ruffled shirt with Tuffin & Foale white striped navy-blue pants; Deirdre O'Sullivan (far left) in a mini-whippet of white polka dots on blue silk by Eric Emerson; Kay King (left centre) in Betsey Johnson's purple passion sleazy satin; and Prue Hooper (left) hoofing it in Betsey's silver slip. . . .





JACK ROBINSON

Foreign report: The London incident. It was at a performance of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie.* At the interval, the visiting New York stockbroker was quietly savouring the sight of a deliciously mini-skirted young woman, back to the crowd, engaged in animated conversation with her proper "Establishment"-attired young escort. Suddenly, up strode a dignified, grey-haired dowager. With one decisive, outraged gesture, she took hold of the offending mini hem, gave it a good yank and strode off, lips pursed. The young woman turned round, blushed, and pulled herself together, but not before the visiting stockbroker could help but observe the even more fetching scene. And therein lies a mini-moral? Minis always win? . . . ***Paris: The scene as seen by an American red sharp boutique bunny.*** "Boy, is this place American . . . Kilts incredibly big here, as are Shetland sweaters . . . the Gucci clod-steppers are all over. Even I had to invest in some brown patent and suède ones—sound *gros,* but are quite divine. . . . Blue jeans are selling for $8 here, yet all are buying. . . . Even loafers are sheltering the piggies instead of your basic Italian pickers. . . . The French sure are rock addicts, *incroyable!* Chris Montez is an incredible favourite. . . . American cigarettes are *the* thing to smoke—especially the menthols." . . .



Paris: What goes under the mini. Well Cardin put a little can-can tutu under his; rustly mocha taffeta leggings and mini-slip edged in black lace frills. To order, Chez Cardin, 118 Faubourg St.-Honoré. . . .

Cy Twombly

(Continued from page 183)

The plain fact is, too, that all current misconceptions notwithstanding, a palazzo is not necessarily the same thing as a palace. By local standards, this palazzo is not even a very fine palazzo, let alone a famous one. It has two street numbers, but no name. Tradition has it that it was built for a seventeenth-century member of the Borgia family. According to the concierge, the Twomblys' apartment used to house a cardinal. According to Twombly, the American painter John Singer Sargent once stayed on the floor above. For the rest, the house is a sturdy, mellow, finely proportioned but otherwise nondescript Roman corner building, with one side giving onto a narrow, noisy corridor known as the Via Monserrato—the main street of mediaeval Rome—and another side overlooking the Piazza de' Ricci, a minuscule square edged with orange-ochre Renaissance façades and crammed with parked cars.

Inside the courtyard, a wall fountain dribbles water from an ancient aqueduct on to potted aspidistras and ferns, and the sky is a remote blue oblong crisscrossed with lines of family washing. There is perpetual semidarkness in the hall, and a smell of Latin home cooking on the stairs. Under the high vaulting, voices and footsteps echo against bare stone.

But for anyone accustomed to Roman palazzo interiors, the Twomblys' apartment comes as a shock. Instead of the usual heavily curtained chiaroscuro, the red-damask midday midnight, the inherited accumulation of superb and indifferent works of art, here for a change are rows of all but empty rooms, bare-windowed and picked down to the bone—the whole as beautiful in its nakedness as a tree in winter or a shell on a beach.

Layer after layer of brown paint has been scraped off the doors, to reveal a long vanished coat of pale blue with silver mouldings. Doorframes have been peeled down to basic grey stone. The walls are whitewashed. The pictures—mostly Twombly's own works—are largely white or pale grey: his austere earlier canvases veined with graffiti, his later canvases more obviously sensual and colourful, but still only sparsely blobbed and clotted with mauve and white, pink and red. The shadows seem hardly darker than the furniture by which they are cast: Italian Louis XVI, Italian Directoire and Empire, painted white and gold, or at deepest an aquamarine so frail and diaphanous that the wood seems to be held together by the gilding.

In the long enfilades, where the double doors are habitually left open and the vistas, universally bathed in light, culminate in one or another of Twombly's larger paintings, a sort of extra population of classical busts and statues—the apartment's only recognizable Romanism—complement rather than crush the human beings moving in their midst. Potent still, in such surroundings, is the old neoclassical illusion—Winckelmann's, Goethe's, Hölderlin's—of the ancient world as a lost playground peopled with familiar heroes and unfrightening gods.

Twombly has a passion for Greek and Roman history and mythology. These busts and statues constitute, apart from his paintings, his principal personal contribution to the furnishing of the rooms. The rest he found and chose with the help of his wife who, he says rather testily, is just as responsible for the result as he is.

The apartment is indescribable in terms of decoration, if only because its contents are involved in a continuous process of removal and replacement. The very functions of the various rooms are in an equally chronic state of flux. An Erard grand piano is suddenly given away to friends. A Richard Wilson landscape of Tivoli that yesterday was almost the sole ornament of one room appears today in a different room, up-ended on a sheepskin tossed over the arm of a chair. Last spring's entrance hall, with terra-cotta Venetian busts on the floor and green umbrellas hanging on the door bolt, was merely one of a suite of inner rooms this spring, empty of all but a stone table and a

(Continued on page 194)



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Cy Twombly

(Continued from page 193)

row of columns. Very shortly, Twombly's bedroom—one of the few rooms that seemed even halfway furnished—will contain sculpture and paintings, but no bed.

The only room that seems destined to remain as one has seen it is the ballroom: a long gallery, lofty as a barn, with a splendid Aubusson half-unrolled on the floor, a stack of canvases propped against a wall, and a score of Empire chairs, from a now demolished palazzo that was Stendhal's favourite Roman haunt, lined up front-to-back like shopping carts in a supermarket. In Twombly's own words: "I like chairs. But ideally I would have nothing but statues—and trees, of course."

Yet, at any given moment, this is one of the least untidy apartments imaginable. In stark contrast to the world below the windows, it is an oasis of order and tranquillity, a setting for Racine. But calm rooms, like bare-swept desks, have a habit of belonging to people with the oddest and most complex minds.

Twombly's mind is certainly odd. And his appearance is in keeping. In Italy of all countries, and in Rome of all cities, importance is still attached to a man's looks and clothes. The spectacle is the thing. Twombly dresses with care; but by contemporary Italian standards he could hardly be called elegant. In a land where men's hats "went out" long before they went out everywhere else, he must be one of the few men remaining who still wear the kind of warm-toned, turned-down velour beloved of Puccini and the organ-grinders. He has a brown loden cloak for the winter, and coats made from a rough, handwoven tweed that was half-a-century ago de rigueur, but is nowadays as good as unobtainable, among the peasants of the Val Gardena, in the Alto Adige (or South Tyrol), where his wife's family owns an Alpine castle.

Yet, partly for such reasons in a country of memorable male appearances, his appearance is more memorable than most. His strangeness is not merely sartorial. Beak-nosed as a Quattrocento portrait, tall and tending to stoop, with dark eyes that even at their liveliest have a shielded, inward look, he hovers like a shy but unmistakable eagle above the peacocks.

Born in Virginia in 1929, brought up there and in New England, a student at The Art Students League, and at Black Mountain College under Robert Motherwell and Franz Kline, Twombly was an early associate of several young men of his generation whose names are by now household words for anyone interested in modern American painting, sculpture, and music.

In particular, he was a close friend of Robert Rauschenberg, with whom he held a joint New York exhibition in 1953. But unlike most of his creative compatriots and contemporaries, he seems never to have become acclimatized to New York. After a few years of New York life and a few exhibitions in New York galleries, he drifted away, unintentionally but none the less typically, into apparently permanent expatriation, alone.

As a consequence, in his own country, for all but a handful of fellow-painters and art experts, he remains an unknown quantity: scarcely even a forgotten man. In contrast, he has achieved a wide acceptance in Europe as a stimulating abstract painter. He has exhibited in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, and England.

Most recently, he was honoured with a retrospective exhibition of over eighty pictures in a notable series of Western European galleries and museums. With the sole exception of the work of Jackson Pollock, his work has possibly been the strongest single influence on the painting of the contemporary European avant-garde.

Twombly's voice is soft and slow, and moderately "Southern." Only when he is deeply interested or irritated is it liable to be slightly plaintive, and pitched in a high key. He seldom finishes a sentence, and often stops in mid-phrase. He is inclined to be silent among strangers. He has a mildly offhand manner with potential patrons. But he can be an unusually rewarding, innocently warmhearted companion, wry yet spontaneous, with his friends. As in his name, so in his character as revealed by his conversation, there is a rare juxtaposition of the fantastic and the homespun, Lewis Carroll and Mark Twain.

He is naturally pleased by learned reviews of his work, but one suspects that he is relieved rather than frustrated when they happened to be written in languages which he can not read. He is a sincere and most serious painter, suffers acutely in his periods of unproductiveness, and when working is almost frenziedly absorbed. But if asked when he "started to be a success," his answer is a terse "I don't know when I started . . . or when I stopped."

Slight and self-effacing, almost imperceptible yet frankly indispensable, Tatiana Twombly is the painter's wife personified. A painter herself—a sensitive and successful portraitist of children—she is reticent about her own productions. Her husband is apt to dilate a little jealously on her formidable inner strength: "Tatia has so much energy that it leaves me drained of my own." But his admiration for her is none the less genuine for being spasmodically expressed.

In marrying Tatiana Franchetti, Twombly married into the international, intelligent, liberal, upper-bourgeois Europe whose rise in status, active part in life, and patronage of the arts form one of the characteristic composite phenomena of the cultural history of the last century. Her Venetian great-grandfather supplied horses for the Crimean War. Her French-born great-grandmother was hostess to Liszt. Her grandfather, Oxford-educated and a gifted pianist, bought the world-famous Ca' d'Oro in Venice—and had his ashes buried there, under the ground floor.

Mrs. Twombly's Bavarian-born grandmother, the sister-in-law of the painter Lenbach, lived in state at Bellosguardo near Florence, where she ruled the local German colony with a rod of iron. Her father, Carlo Franchetti, was a noted Anglophile, airman and sportsman, who was

largely responsible for developing the Italian ski resort of Cortina d'Ampezzo, where he built the first ski lift. He was also a talented draughtsman and a man of famous charm: a talent and a charm which his daughter has inherited in full measure.

As though all that were not enough, Mrs. Twombly is descended through her mother from the Borgia family, in one of whose houses she now lives, and from the Renaissance navigator, Amerigo Vespucci, who gave his name to the New World.

It is a sign of the times, but perhaps equally a sign of her own vigorous and varied inheritance, that Tatiana Twombly, who spent much of her childhood in her grandmother's majestic Tuscan villa, today very gladly keeps house for an avant-garde American painter in a whitewashed apartment lined with avant-garde paintings, where she must sometimes wonder which room she is going to be expected to sleep in next.

Her manner is extraordinarily gentle. She seems to have all eternity at her disposal. She is unsurprisable, unshockable, and ever ready to laugh. Like the reed in La Fontaine's fable, she may often have to bend, but it is inconceivable that she should ever be broken. . . .

Every year for their son's birthday, Twombly paints a picture dedicated to the event: a custom which began with a big, pencil-scratched white canvas entitled "The Age of Alexander," to commemorate the boy's birth. Alessandro Twombly has inherited his mother's energy, but, according to his father, he has been very easy to bring up. He goes to an English school in Rome and speaks Italian, English, and German. He is interested in his father's work and greets new Twombly paintings with an obliging *Che bello!* He has been allowed to draw, within defined limits, on certain walls.

A car-enthusiast and a fisherman, Alessandro is, rather more originally, a connoisseur of rocks and mushrooms. He has his own geological collection. A coloured chart of edible and inedible fungi hangs in his nursery—or used to: for his nursery, typically, is not his nursery any more. He likes stories, as any child does. As Twombly's child, he likes stories from the *Iliad*.

A miniature Eulenspiegel with features carved in honey-coloured Roman stone, he has a childish radiance that makes the apartment's Imperial busts look like photographs in a family album, and Twombly's striking "Triumph of Galatea" fade to the status of an inspired wallpaper. For Twombly, one suspects, his son is possibly the most astonishing of all his productions.

The Twomblys' Roman life is gregarious, in the leisurely, unpremeditated manner of European *Bohème*. Acquaintances passing below whistle or shout up from the piazza; and conversations thus begun often continue through the window for hours. Luncheon and dinner parties sprout on the spur of the moment, move from place to place, growing or shrinking in size. One starts at a café on the sidewalk, drifts on to a restaurant in Trastevere, drifts on again to a discothèque and dances till dawn.

It is not a world in which one regularly gets up early, or arrives on time at a rendezvous, or even arrives at all. There may have been a consensus around midnight that everyone will meet again at ten o'clock in the morning and go for a picnic in the Sabine hills. But the chances are that by noon a group consisting largely of quite different people will be sitting in parked cars on the piazza, happily conversing but unsure of what comes next. Meanwhile, Tatiana Twombly has driven Alessandro to Ostia for a day on the beach, and Twombly himself is irate and incommunicado indoors, pacing the apartment and anxious for every one else to go away and let him go back to work in peace.

This painter is not one of those who find work easy. He seldom finishes more than ten major canvases a year. For weeks on end he broods and fidgets, lies late in bed, hears himself described by his wondering son as *pigro* (lazy), disappears into the country and wishfully inspects tracts of farmland in the Abruzzi, with a view to buying a hut and living for a change close to the earth. His constant rearrangement of the contents of the apartment is in itself the expression of an almost chronic *désoeuvrement* that might be as fatal as Oblomov's if it were not that he actually finds his eventual inspiration in the seeming alternatives to work: reading, travelling, or simply walking in Rome.

Several of the cycles of drawings that are characteristic Twombly art form—like his so-called "Delian Ode" or "Notes from a Tower"—have been produced in spurts of creativity during weeks spent sailing among the Greek islands or whiling away the hours in a window of the Franchettis' castle in Tyrol. Other drawings, like the "Discourse on Commodus" series or the variations on the "Vengeance of Achilles," are the direct outcome of his knowledge of the classics.

Poussin and Ingres are two of his favourite painters; and like Ingres (though with startlingly different results) he paints his own versions of Raphael. But literature more often than pictorial art supplies him with the needed stimulus.

Words have a visible place in his work. His canvases are written on almost as much as drawn on and painted: not as a mannerism, but because the written word plays an authentic part in his creative process. A line from Keats can start him off, or a paragraph from Goethe's *Italian Journey*. Recently he became enthusiastically absorbed in the *Essais* of Montaigne, that have not only inspired him with the highly untwentieth-century plan of having his son, like the child Montaigne, taught to converse in Latin, but also seem to him, with their wealth of classical quotations, anecdotes, and allusions, to offer a mine of material for his own future work.

But perhaps the surest of all his sources is the five-minute walk to his studio, whenever he can bring himself to take it. It

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Cy Twombly

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leads him through the Campo dei Fiori, where the sombre statue of Giordano Bruno, erected on the spot where that most sympathetic of the humanists was burnt by the Inquisition in 1600, looms above the gay flower stalls, adding its quota of horror and loneliness to the rich physical mixture of Rome.

Twombly's studio is in an early nineteenth-century house on the site of the Theatre of Pompey. The back of the building follows the curve of Pompey's stage. Julius Caesar was assassinated a hundred yards down the street. But the neighbourhood is actually more suggestive of Jean Genet than of Cicero or Suetonius. Middle-aged men of leisure, unshaven but elegant, loll on sofas or play an ancient gambling game of tossing coins against a wall—the coin falling closest to the wall wins. Around sunset, the pace quickens. Youths arrive on motor bicycles, with typewriters, cameras, or watches for sale. The place has the reputation, and the air, of a centre for the receipt of stolen goods.

Inside the house the rooms are high, with marble doorframes and tall windows and deep embrasures. Twombly's studio is a bare, whitewashed, dome-ceilinged cube. It is part of a former apartment that—once again—is supposed to have housed a cardinal; but the whole floor is now used exclusively by artists, who come and go like transients in a doss house, borrow one another's cigarettes and painting materials and permanently unmade beds. Twombly spends whole days and nights there, rarely emerging to eat, working himself into a fury of creativity during which he sometimes completes four or five smaller pictures in twenty-four hours.

His unfinished canvases, unstretched, are nailed to the walls, with a palette at the foot of each. His colour range even now is restricted: zinc white, Naples yellow, *rouge anglais clair*, deep Cadmium red, rose-madder, purple—and for some of his latest paintings, merely a blue or two, and *terre verte*.

Sometimes he picks the paint off the palette with his fingers. Sometimes he squeezes it directly onto the white or pale-grey canvas, in pink or white messes that suggest face-cream or toothpaste, or more casual patches like the droppings of a passing bird after a meal of berries. For the "Murder of Commodus," he whipped on the bloodred paint with a length of rope.

His work is noticeably devoid of composition in the accepted sense. It is never laboured. Patiently, impatiently, he waits until past reading, present thought, and future content seem to him to have come together at a climactic point. As the work progresses, the original subject, like the original stimulus of the title, is forgotten: merged in the act of creation which follows its own natural rules, and produces its natural result.

Strange things happen to Twombly's works when they go on exhibition. In an Italian gallery, a woman surreptitiously kissed one of his paintings, adding the imprint of her lipstick to all the other stains of pink and red on its white ground. In a New York gallery, an unknown hand scrawled a hilarious obscenity on another Twombly picture, among the artist's own graffiti. Criticisms of his work are often written *on* his work. Most of the anonymous critics, however, have the consideration to write neatly and faintly, so that their views, once they have been noted, may easily be rubbed out.

As one whose pictures demand an unusually high degree of spectator-participation, Twombly is pleased rather than distressed. "I suppose people start off by being irritated, but in the end they can't resist the temptation to join in." Not ineptly, one of his most appreciative European interpreters has likened his pictures to musical scores that for full enjoyment need to be played.

Another European writer, searching for identifiable art influences on Twombly's work, could only cite Kandinsky's drawings of 1910, with the qualification that they were an influence in the sense of an inspiration, not an influence on style—a qualification equally applicable to the influence on Twombly's work of ancient history and mythology, Romantic literature with classical connotations, and Rome itself.

There need be no question of equating the two painters, but just as Kandinsky's revolutionary originality lay in making abstraction itself the subject of his painting, so Twombly's most notable characteristic may be said to be his use, as subject matter, of his own creative process. It is all there, in every one of his paintings and drawings, shamelessly exposed for anyone to see if he has the patience, to decipher if he has the ingenuity, and to share in if he has the desire....

A New York art expert, one of the most percipient members of the staff of The Museum of Modern Art, expresses his amazement that Twombly's work, by and large, should have been so generally ignored in his own country. If the reason lies in a lack of "home promotion," the responsibility is largely Twombly's own.

"I had rather hoped that Cy might be the one painter we were all waiting for," was the recent comment of a New York art dealer who has known him since earlier days. But it seems that Cy wasn't, or didn't choose to be, just that. Instead, he has found his inspiration, as he has found his feet, not in America but in Europe. He does far better work there than here. Most unfashionably, too, he regards himself as a part of Tradition, not as a substitute for it, or a reaction against it. His Roman apartment, with its many implausible but unmistakable harmonies, improbably proves his point.

In any previous generation, such a migration as Twombly's would have been yet another conventional instance of an artist's return to the classical womb. In present circumstances, it has the refreshingly phenomenal quality—at least distantly related to genius—of an apple for once declining to obey the law of gravity, or a solitary tide defying the moon.

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What entertains a man . . .

(Continued from page 113)

wriggles her toes, touches her hair, settles her skirt, flutters around for a while—like a bird settling." Watching a man watching her can restore some women faster than pills can.

"It's frightfully gloomy, I think, girls that have sort of bottoms hanging down to the backs of their knees. Frightfully depressing," said Alexander Plunket-Green, the attractive young Englishman who works with and is married to Mary Quant, the Moddest of young designers. "But, in a way, I think it comes back to whether the girls amuse you or not. . . . I think one's got to be stimulated differently all the time, otherwise you get into a rut and you stop seeing and feeling after a bit. . . . The things I want to do I want to do only if I can do them with Mary because, although we drive each other mad and often say 'I wish I could get away from you,' in fact, I don't think there is much I would enjoy unless it was connected with her, you see?"

Seen, yes, and heard. Behind his curtain of constancy there is a woman of craft who knows as much about stimulation and amusement as her husband; not a pursuer and clutcher, but a woman who, entertaining him, entertains herself.

It's a two-way stretch. When asked what entertains him, Garson Kanin, a writer and director with more know than he needs, answered, "Did I hear you right? What entertains a man did you ask? You're not putting me on? Seriously? Very well, then. What entertains a man is woman. More specifically, what entertains a man is entertaining a woman. The trick here is to find out what entertains a woman. That woman."

"Women—I like to look at them and talk to them and dance with them," said Arthur Schlesinger, junior, who probably knows that pursuit at an intellectual altitude happens to be one of the sexiest of entertainments. If the conversation slips to sex itself, the entertainment slips, too. The breathless pitch of mind, the subtlety of communications can be so taut that the communicants, meeting the next day accidentally, may blush as if they had not talked but bedded.

Laughter does for passion what helium does for balloons. "I collect jokes," said Marshall McLuhan, an intellectual's intellectual with a rarefied theory of communications. "I find jokes a real source of entertainment, and also a perpetual source of grievance. Near here is a junkyard with a plaque reading, 'Help Beautify the Junkyard. Throw Something Lovely Away Today.' I think that is delightful. A profound remark, although it is low-class commercial wit. Anything really funny registers a grievance."

He has skipped off the mark. Right about jokes he may be, but what entertains women about humour is not grievance but surprise, something enviable and alien. Men, often college boys, have a careless funniness that breaks up girls and awes women—men-only, unattainable again. The irresistible lure.

About Marshall McLuhan what entertains one woman, who attends his lectures like a collector, is not his humour but his assurance: "He's so infuriatingly sure of himself." Infuriating assurance is a form of catnip related to Sonny's motorcycles—fascinating as long as a woman can't quite get at it.

Repeat. What's sexy about humour is surprise. This conversation took place on the telephone between a woman and Woody Allen, an actor, writer, and comedian of little looks and little size, but certain appeal.

Questioner: "What entertains you? That is, what diverts or amuses you?"

Woody Allen: "I enjoy licking and sealing envelopes."

Questioner: "I see. That would fill leisure time. Anything else?"

Woody Allen: "I put golf balls into little glasses and tumblers."

Questioner: "Then what do you do with them?"

Woody Allen: "I take them out again."

Questioner: "Does anything else entertain you?"

Woody Allen: "I like to read the Pennsylvania real estate laws."

Questioner: "Why Pennsylvania?"

Woody Allen: "I don't know. They just seem to make better reading. . . . And I like to rearrange the dirt in the house."

Questioner: "In any special way?"

Woody Allen: "Oh, just in little abstract piles."

A tussle with words amuses a woman more than a compliment. When asked what entertains him, a noble, talented, handsome Italian answered a woman, "You. You, if you are interesting, vital, amusing, and possibly beautiful." That killed it. He offered not an entertaining jab of conversation but a wet sponge.

Col. Serge Obolensky, who has gone to enough parties to have caught on, said: "The entertaining thing to do is to talk about things you don't know anything about. You ask a preposterous question. The person who knows the subject flares up, and you have a very interesting conversation. To talk about things you do know is a bore."

Entertainment, after all, is action and surprise. A woman who goes at entertaining a man with a long-range plan is not entertaining, she is selling. She has commitments up her sleeve and they inhibit gesture. For entertainment is gesture, the gorgeous throw-away. Which may explain the unshakeable sex appeal of Rex Harrison, whose rumpled face and freshly pressed voice will next be in the movie *Dr. Dolittle*. What entertains Rex Harrison is "working and playing and loving and hating and eating and drinking and not watching television." The kicker in that is the "hating." That's the surprise that keeps men and women racing around the track.

The Cries of Appetite

(Continued from page 147)

correct way to reduce weight is to *encourage* appetite, by listening to it. If Yudkin is right in thinking that overweight automatically ceases to be a problem when the appestat is allowed to control our consumption, then it follows that when we learn to obey appetite's promptings, we will attain this desirable condition. Of course some people—models and jockeys, for example—can not afford for their job's sake to allow the appestat to take control. For the rest of us, who do not wish to be thin but simply desire not to be fat, its restoration to control could be just the answer we have been looking for.

Still there is obvious difficulty. Appetite must be natural—appestat-induced. It must not be one of those all too familiar confidence tricksters masquerading as appetite and often successfully deceiving us that they are the real thing.

Most of us at some time or other—and a few unfortunates all the time—have a compulsive craving for food. It takes some housewives continually to the icebox, and keeps many stenographers' desks full of candy; but it has as little to do with genuine appetite as Lady Macbeth's cry "What! Will these hands ne'er be clean" had to do with hygiene.

Here, at least, research has not been lacking. The psychiatric background of this nervous overeating has been extensively investigated in recent years. Elaborate theories have been propounded: by the Freudians with their "oral fixations" and the Pavlovians with their "unadaptive learned patterns of behaviour." Their arguments have been acrimonious; and although the standpoints remain apparently irreconcilable, both agree that compulsive overeating has its origins in neurosis, usually stemming from early childhood. The commonest craving thus acquired is for sweets. This has been duplicated by experiments with rats, showing that, through conditioning, they can become hopelessly and, in the end, fatally addicted to sugar though they do not normally like it. Nor, observers insist, do children. (D. C. Jarvis in his best seller, *Folk Medicine*, claimed that Vermont children growing up in natural conditions preferred bitter flavours.) Whether a craving for sugar is created by love deprivation or by conditioned reflexes, the point is that it is not a natural appetite but a neurotic disorder. And, incidentally, to treat it as an organic disorder, as many doctors do, is as pointless as it would have been for Lady Macbeth's doctor to prescribe pumice stone, softened water, and medicated soap.

Nor, of course, can an appetite artificially stimulated with alcohol be regarded as natural—as we find to our cost when, sitting down ravenous to a restaurant dinner, the cocktail-induced hunger evaporates halfway through the *pâté maison,* leaving us regretting we had ordered steak, and wishing we had settled for an omelette. Yet the fact that alcohol is so widely used to provide a simulated appetite may imply a recognition of appetite's importance. What we need now is to find a way to recognize its signals, and to respond to them naturally. And this is where experiments along the Fort Dix line can be illuminating.

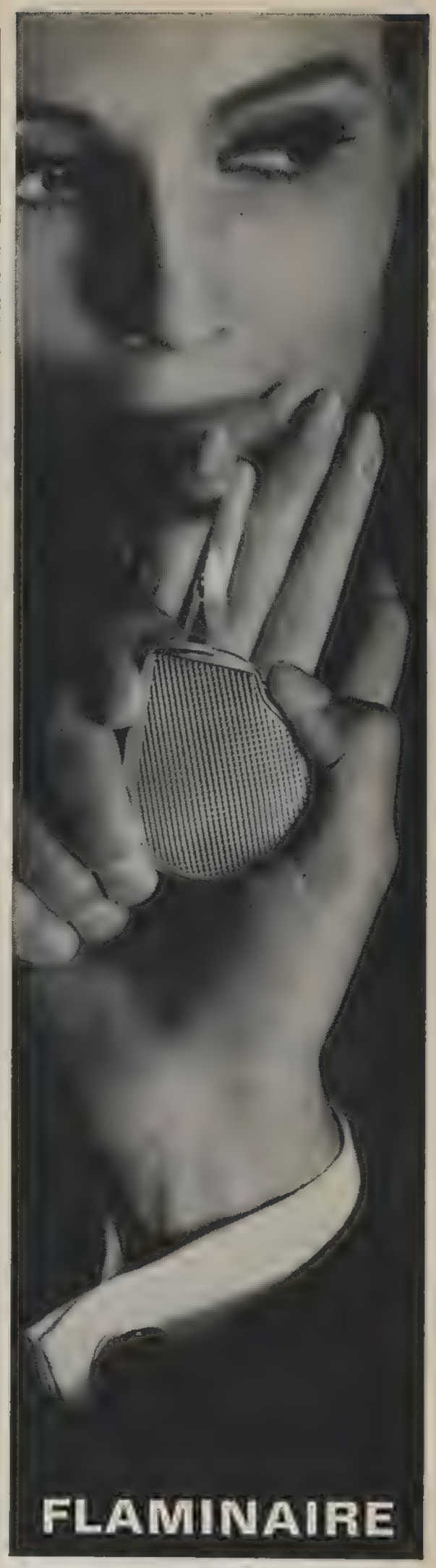
Group therapy has certain limitations, but some groups obtain remarkably good results by providing the individual members with greater insight into their own personalities and problems. When they dredge their unconscious feelings to the surface, they find that many of their worries are unnecessary, or inflated. In the more extreme cases of compulsive eating, as a London "Fatties Anonymous" society has found, this helps to remove the compulsions; eating habits become more rational, and consumption is reduced. Individuals who are not compulsive eaters may also benefit. When insight dispels worries, our tensions are relaxed, the appestat responds by releasing appetite, and by adopting a higher setting. So, if our fuel intake does *not* rise—even though the setting is higher—we should lose weight.

This, at least, is a working hypothesis; and it is one which anybody can test for himself. It is based on the assumption that our appestats have not atrophied through disuse. They are perfectly capable of taking over their proper function again, provided that we can learn to tune into them, and read their messages. This means not merely listening in on appetite's wavelength, but acquiring the ability to detect the true signals from the false. This, in turn requires greater recognition of, and obedience to, the three "I's": Intuition, which translates unconscious messages to consciousness; Insight, which enables us to differentiate between genuine and spurious messages; and Imagination, which alone liberates our insights and intuitions so that they can reach and guide us.

The first step, then, is to exploit imagination. But how? If your doctor or dietician said "use your imagination" when you asked him how to lose weight, he would in fact be giving an admirable prescription; though it would sound mildly facetious.

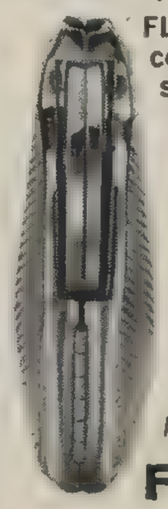
Perhaps the easiest way of explaining the imagination's rôle is to contrast it with that of the will. In connection with diet, will power has made all the running, with imagination ignored—or actually condemned—for fear it will promote gluttony. The need for self-discipline was the theme of what I take to have been the first book on the subject to become a best seller on both sides of the Atlantic: Sir Henry Thompson's *Diet*, published eighty years ago, with its Victorian insistence on the need to inculcate in youth the necessary "habits of self command." And the importance of self-control remains implicit in most diet systems today—the need to stick to the limitations the régime imposes, even while imagination

(Continued on page 203)



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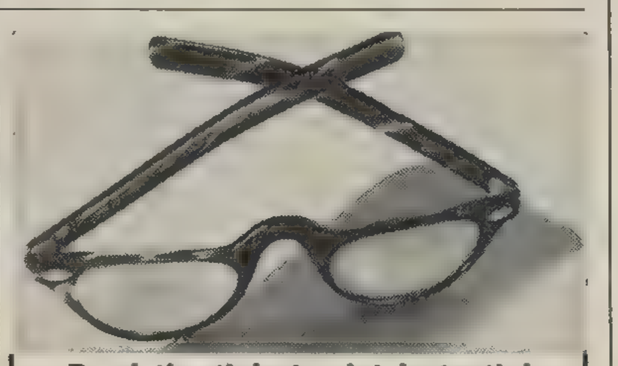


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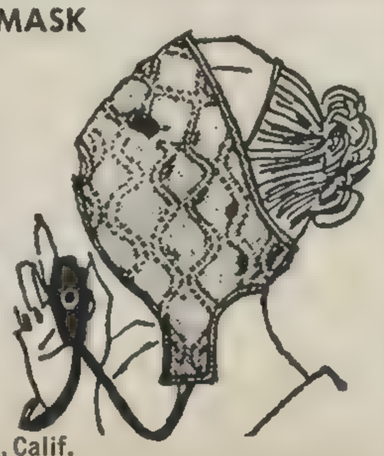
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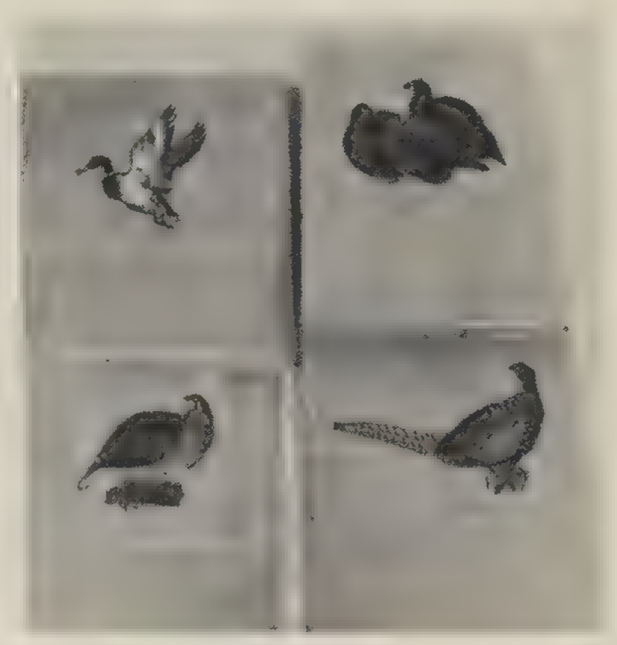
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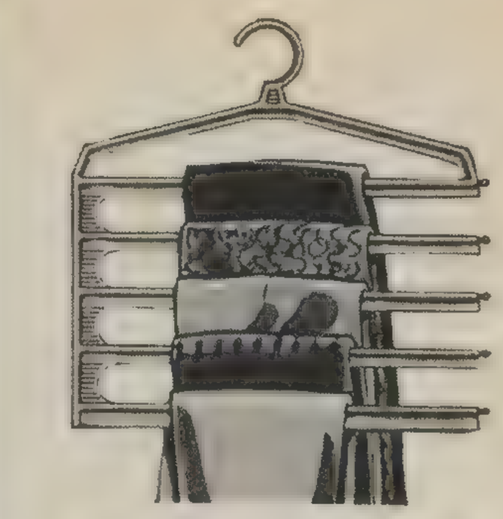


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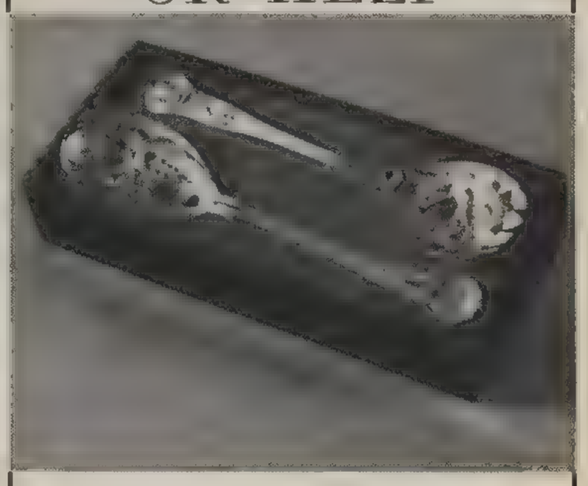


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Christmas Ideas

(Continued from page 189)

wonderfully beastly Edward Gorey; *La Chauve-Souris Dorée* deals with a gilded bat of a ballerina. $3 at The British Book Centre, 122 East 55th Street, New York. . . . Fans of the French funnies will welcome *Barbarella,* a whole book—in English now—about the glorious girl with the long hair and the mellifluous monicker. Grove Press is the publisher. . . . Still in the original French: *Astérix Gladiateur* whose comic-strip *aventures* are set in Gaul, 50 B.C., with a genial cast including the venerable Druid, Panoramix. . . . The Dixieland Kings' "Holiday in New Orleans" on the Time Records label. Can be found in New York at the King Karol Record Shop, 111 West 42nd Street. . . . For one of those very special people with a desperate yearning for a player piano—a Pianola and a batch of swinging rolls including the Beatles. $1,200 to $1,500 at Aeolian, 33 West 57th Street, New York.

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Return engagements of December's present will be played throughout the new year if you give a subscription to a magazine or newspaper. . . . For a friend with a yen for the digs, the sprightly quarterly journal, *Archaeology*. . . . For gallery buffs, *Art in America* or *Art International*. . . . Go on from there to consider the obvious possibilities in *Country Life, Connaissance des Arts, The Chronicle of the Horse, The Daily Telegraph*. . . . A taste for politics and other worldly matters can be partially sated or wildly stimulated by—say—the London *Observer* or Switzerland's *Journal de Genève*. . . . And then there's one man we know who likes *Vogue* because he can't read it at his barber's; we, however, incline to send it to women.

Never be too proud to be obvious. . . . A diamond as big as a Hilton rarely makes a girl pettish. . . . Sable is fine. . . . Jaguars are charming, and a vintage Rolls painted that special dark green might just tickle somebody pink. . . . On which note, we propose to make off in our Yellow Submarine with a Merry Christmas to all.



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The Cries of Appetite

(Continued from page 199)

conjures up delicious vistas of cream buns.

The trouble with relying on will power, as everybody knows, is that few of us can keep it up. As a *Lancet* editorial on the subject ruefully admitted recently, "an imposed dietary discipline —in hospital, for example—is always successful while it lasts, but subsequent efforts at self-discipline often fail." And the reason why they fail has never been better propounded than by the now neglected Émile Coué.

Coué became famous, or notorious, in the 1920s through his health formula, which was to repeat "every day, in every way, I get better and better" at regular and frequent intervals. For a while it became an international craze, like mah-jongg. The formula was designed to induce a mild trance state—like the hypnotist's "You feel sleepy . . . you feel slee-ee-eepy"—conducive to auto-suggestion. The mind, he believed, could then get to work on the body to restore health. But this, Coué insisted, was not to be regarded as self-discipline. "The will must not intervene," he said. "What we have to work for is the education of the imagination."

How this proposition is linked to diet was shown in a recent article by Dr. Ralph Bircher, of the celebrated Bircher-Benner clinic near Zurich. The diet there is austere, on traditional nature cure lines; the emphasis is on raw foods—no meat, sweets, alcohol, or stimulants, not even coffee. Dr. Bircher is insistent that it is not enough for a diet to be health-giving: "it must also be more attractive than even the *haute cuisine* of the old school, *otherwise conversion will never be complete.*"

Many diets for a time seem more appetizing than normal fare. Most of us, for example, ordinarily eat vegetables overcooked, so that it comes as an agreeable surprise to find how delicious they can be when lightly cooked or raw. The mere act of going on a diet, too, is a break with routine; it titillates the imagination, and the appestat. This, rather than our will power, explains why so many bogus diets appear for a time to be effective. But when the novelty wears off, the diet becomes a bore. That is why most patrons of nature cure clinics come to think of their stay as simply a process of temporary "drying out." Instead of becoming converts, they spend their last few days with their mouths watering in anticipation of the dinner to which they are going to treat themselves as soon as they get out.

Their mouths watering . . . this is the measure of imagination's dominance. You can not make your mouth water by will power; but anybody can induce salivation by conjuring up a mental picture of some favourite dish. The imagination, therefore, must be enlisted as an ally, not treated as a foe, for in the long run it will win—except in the case of the dedicated minority of ascetics and saints.

There is no rule of thumb for enlisting the imagination as an ally. Discussion, introspection, contemplation: people follow different routes, according to temperament, circumstances, and taste. For that reason, the process is more easily recommended than described. Some obvious lines of experiment suggest themselves: greater flexibility in mealtimes, for one, and in the content of the meals themselves. But such ideas can be impracticable owing to job or family commitments. In any case, there are no short cuts. As Coué insisted, we need first to re-educate our imaginations; and appetite is only one of the beneficiaries. Nor, of course, are there likely to be quick results. Most of us start the re-education process with strikes against us: a Heaviside layer of conventions and conditioning. Still, for anybody who cares to try, the rewards can be striking—even if they are not immediately and impressively reflected by the arrow on the bathroom scales.

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B. H. WRAGGE

See Page 108

Baltimore, Md.....Hutzler's
Baton Rouge, La.....Gus Mayer
Birmingham, Ala.....Odum, Bowers & White
Canton, Ohio.....Stern & Mann
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. Strauss
Jackson, Miss.....Gus Mayer
Lincoln, Neb.....Hovland-Swanson
Louisville, Ky.....H. P. Selman
Memphis, Tenn.....Levy's
Miami, Fla.....Burdine's
Mobile, Ala.....Metzger's
Nashville, Tenn.....Gus Mayer
New Orleans, La.....Gus Mayer
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Al Rosenthal

TIFFEAU & BUSCH

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Atlanta, Ga.....J. P. Allen
Boston, Mass.....Jordan Marsh
Canton, Ohio.....Stern & Mann
Chicago, Ill.....Stanley Korshak
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Shillito's
Kansas City, Mo.....Woolf Bros.
Memphis, Tenn.....Julius Lewis
Tucson, Ariz.....Cele Peterson
Washington, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop
Youngstown, Ohio.....Livingston's

DONALD BROOKS

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Bartlesville, Okla.....Montaldo's
Canton, Ohio.....Stern & Mann
Charlotte, N. C.....Montaldo's
Chicago, Ill.....Stanley Korshak
Colorado Springs, Colo.....Montaldo's
Columbus, Ohio.....Montaldo's
Denver, Colo.....Montaldo's
Durham, N. C.....Montaldo's
East Orange, N. J.....Doop's
Greensboro, N. C.....Montaldo's
Kansas City, Mo.....Woolf Bros.
Richmond, Va.....Montaldo's
St. Louis, Mo.....Montaldo's
Short Hills, N. J.....Doop's
Winston-Salem, N. C.....Montaldo's
Youngstown, Ohio.....Livingston's

TEAL TRAINA

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Atlanta, Ga.....J. P. Allen
Baton Rouge, La.....Gus Mayer
Canton, Ohio.....Stern & Mann
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Gidding-Jenny
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. Strauss
Jackson, Miss.....Gus Mayer
Lincoln, Neb.....Hovland-Swanson
Louisville, Ky.....H. P. Selman
Memphis, Tenn.....Levy's
Mobile, Ala.....Metzger's
Nashville, Tenn.....Gus Mayer
New Orleans, La.....Gus Mayer
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Al Rosenthal
Washington, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop

David Bailey . . .

(Continued from page 172)

nothing in between.

"Jean's an Instant Girl, you can't call her a woman. Like I said, she's Tinker Bell, but Catherine's two years younger, and she is a woman. It's a state of mind and an attitude, much more than it's looks, and then Catherine's had a baby. Beauty is not a single thing, a face—it's the spark and the all-over look, it's everything about her, even the way she walks. The first thing I noticed about Catherine was her legs because they seemed the wittiest legs I'd ever seen. I like very much legs.

"But if one thinks about the Most Beautiful Women . . . I think of Marilyn Monroe because beauty is so much a question of timing and what fits into the ideal of beauty at the time and her face was perfect and fitted—beauty does work in a circle and if your look is right for the time you're O.K. If not . . . Elizabeth Taylor is another beauty, because of her face. And Brigitte Bardot—again timing. Sophia Loren is probably much more beautiful than any of these, but I don't immediately think of her.

"Beauty is impressive, it's always impressive and one can't get blasé. And model girls are the most beautiful women in the world, they have to be, because they are purely visual, their work is to work to the eyes. An actress can get help from her voice and her movements, but a model girl—it's really very strange indeed when you think about it; the camera is so powerful. It tells you what beauty should look like and yet it's all a cheat. The most beautiful woman can look bad in photographs, because the camera demands certain ingredients and dictates certain looks. So a lovely head and a long neck and a big mouth can add up to beauty now. And since a camera makes people fatter, you say 'good, that girl's thin' and thinness becomes an essential. The camera dictates far, far more than the photographer. What happens behind the camera isn't the truth. I'm full of tricks—every photographer is full of tricks—I use lighting and lens and angles to make it all look better.

"One doesn't see ugly women now because there are so many things they can do not to be ugly. We're living in the age of mass beauty, created by magazines, and I suppose, television, and if a woman is unattractive it's her own fault because there's no reason for it.

"I love women because they are women and beautiful . . . I mean women can be niggly and things, but that's because they're not men . . . and I can't expect them to be perfect. I rather like dumb girls. I don't mean I'd marry one, but I find them touching—blond and round-eyed, tripping over wires and cameras and things; they're funny and touching, too.

"I think it is a pity when one sees a woman who could be beautiful and doesn't make it, or when she has a stunning face and the rest of her is wrong. It's like a Rolls-Royce—when you bring your car to be mended they don't say, 'It's been repaired, sah,' they say, 'It's been remedied.' Well, a woman who doesn't quite make beauty when she could needs a remedy.

"Almost every day I get a *frisson* when I'm behind the camera . . . you can't lock beauty away or get used to it. Seeing it around doesn't make it familiar. If you wake up every morning in a seventeenth-century fourposter, it's still beautiful every morning; it will always look good.

"Every man in love with a woman thinks she's the most beautiful woman in the world. It's the only way, it's the best way to define a beautiful woman."

—POLLY DEVLIN

Statement Required by the Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of VOGUE Incorporating Vanity Fair, published Semi-Monthly except in May, June, July & December when it is published monthly, for October 1, 1966.

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2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers is 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher, S. I. Newhouse, Jr., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Editor, Diana Vreeland, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Managing Editor, Rosemary Blackmon, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

4. The owner is: The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. 10017. Stockholders: The Patriot-News Co., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Iva S. V.-Patcévitch, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Charles C. Nast, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

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7.	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single Issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. copies printed (Net Press Run)	527,918	595,491
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	153,149	232,125
2. Mail Subscriptions	288,112	266,813
C. Total Paid Circulation	441,261	498,938
D. Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or other means	12,041	13,740
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	453,302	512,678
F. Office use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	74,616	82,813
G. Total (Sum of E and F)	527,918	595,491

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Publisher.

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